

FAIR AS THE MORNING

Praise in the Sunday School

"They may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Re 22, 4

By J.H.KURZENKNABE
AND W.W.BENTLEY.

Crider & Brother,
York, Pa.

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FAIR AS THE MORNING.

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

PRAISE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY

J. H. KURZENKNABE AND W. W. BENTLEY.

WITH A FULL ARRANGEMENT FOR THE

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

By HARRY J. KURZENKNABE.



HARRISBURG, PA.:

J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS.

GREETING.

“**F**AIR AS THE MORNING” is not intended to be used at
All the various services connected with the sanctuary.
It is designed expressly for the Sunday-school; to be
Really and only a Sunday-school Praise Book.

As heretofore, we spare no effort nor expense to provide a
Singing book in every way worthy and acceptable.

The great number of well-known and prominent authors who
Have contributed to these pages deserve our heartiest thanks for
Enriching these contents with their choicest songs.

Music in the Sunday-school has become of such prominence that
Orhestras are being rapidly introduced into many schools,
Requiring full orchestration for these various instruments,
Now for the first time attempted by any author of Sunday-school song.
In this advancee step we ask the kind and generous word of cheer.
None other be the praise, the honor, nor the
Glory but to Him who alone is worthy.

J. H. KURZENKNABE,
W. W. BENTLEY.

HARRISBURG, PA., March 31, A. D. 1891.

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FAIR AS THE MORNING.

Old Hundred.



1. Be - fore Je - ho - val's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
2. We are His peo - ple, we His care, Our souls, and all our mor - tal frame;
3. We'll crowd Thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heavens our voie - es raise;



Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can ere - ate, and He de - stroy.
What last - ing hon - ors shall we rear, Al - might - y Mak - er! to Thy name?
And earth, with her ten thou - sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise.



J. H. K.

Hark to the Bells.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. Bells of praise! Bells of praise! How the mer - ry bells are ringing, Joyous notes their message bringing!
 2. Bells of prayer! Bells of prayer! Oh, how ten - der - ly the pleading, Wea - ry, long-ing souls entreating
 3. Bells of joy! Bells of joy! Loud and clear the peals are tell - ing Of the songs of praises swelling.
 4. Bells of peace! Bells of peace! O - pen wide the gates of heav-en, Vie - t'ry won, and rest is giv-en;



CHORUS.



Come where love and mercy meet, Bells of praise ring clear and sweet.)

Have a par-don full and free! Bells of prayer en-treat-ing thee.)

Worship in you tem-ple hall; Bells of joy proclaim the call.)

O - pen for the ransomed soul, Bells of peace so sol - emn toll.)

Hark to the bells so sweetly blending;



Go with heart and voice attending; Love and mer - ey meet you there, In this hour of praise and prayer.



Peace I Leave with You.

5

W. C. HOLMES.

E. D. KECK.



1. Peace I leave with you, saith Je - sus, And the Com - fort - er to aid; Then let not your
2. Peace I leave with you, saith Je - sus,—Peace to guide you in the right, So - lace in the
3. If ye do as He com-mand-ed, Ye need nev - er fear dis - tress, For the bless - ed
4. Saved from sin and from temp-ta - tion, Peace for eve - ry trou - bled soul, Peace in the dear



CHO.—Peace, peace,



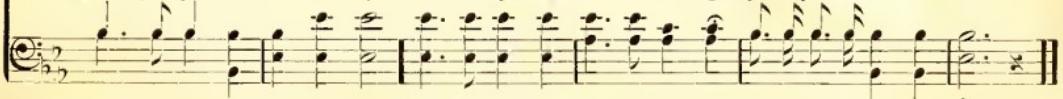
heart be trou - bled, Neith - er let it be a - fraid, }
hour of trou - ble, Bea - con in the dark - est night, }
Lord has prom - ised To His chil - dren per - fect peace. } Peace so pre - cious, peace so pre - cious,
Sa - viour's king-dom While e - ter - nal a - ges roll. }



Peace, peace.



When you gain the vic - to - ry: Peace that passeth understanding, Joy and peace shall dwell with thee.



We Would Follow.

ALEXENAH THOMAS.

R. A. KINZIE.



1. We would love Thee, blessed Saviour, And Thy precepts would o - bey,
 2. 'Twas for souls with sin o'er-la - den, Je - sus, Thou my Saviour died,
 3. Bless - ed Je-sus, may we ev - er Live in sweet hu - mil - i - ty,

Serv - ing Thee and trusting
 Gave Thy pre - cious life a
 Tak - ing for our blest ex-



CHORUS.



ev - er, Walk-ing in the heavenly way.
 ran - som That we might be jus - ti - fied.
 am - ple, Je - sus full of sym - pa - thy.

We would fol - low, we would fol - low In the



path-way Thou hast trod; We would fol - low, we would fol - low Till we reach the throne of God.



Though I Walk through Death's dark Valley.

7

IDA L. REED.

GEO. J. KURZENKNABE.



1. Though I walk through death's dark valley, I no e - vil thing will fear; For my Saviour's 'neath the
2. Though the way is lost in dark-ness, He shall e'er my com - fort be; He will guide me through the
3. Though my hope and cour-age fail me, He will e'er my strength uphold. And will gent - ly on - ward



CHORUS.



shad-ow Walk-ing with me, ev - er near.
shad-ows On to heav - en's light so free,
lead me Safe in - to the up - per fold.



strength He will up - hold, And will lead me, gent - ly lead me, Safe in - to the up - per fold.



Lead Me In.

J. H. K.

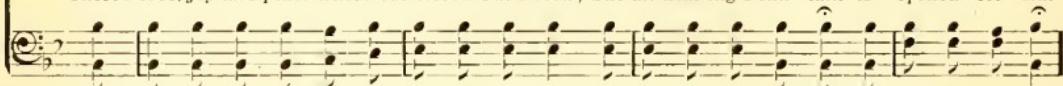
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. O Je - sus my Sa-viour, to Thee I now come, O'erwhelmed in my shame, a wand'r'er from home;
 2. I know that my guilt like great mountains ap-pears; I feel as if now the judgment was near.
 3. To Thee, blessed Lord, now my all I re-sign, That I may for e'er and ev-er be Thine.
 4. The soul that sur-ren-ders to Je-sus a-lone, Its bur-dens and cares, its fears all are gone.



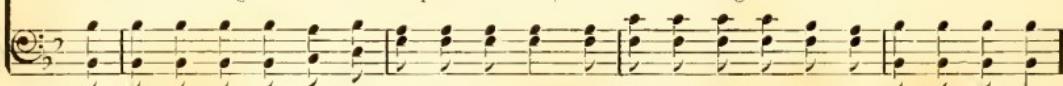
I come to the Foun-tain that's opened for sin: O mer-ci-ful Sa-viour, help me to come in!
 Heart-bro-ken, I come to the blood-sprinkled tree; Thon blest Son of Da-vid, have mer-ey on me!
 I'll go to the Pool that is troubled for sin: Lord, say the word on ly, and I shall be clean.
 There's love, joy and peace where but sorrow hath been; The all-heal-ing Foun-tain is opened for sin.



CHO.—The soul - - - cleansing Foun - - - tain Is o - - - - pened for sin. . . .



The soul-cleansing Fountain is o - pened for sin; The dear lov-ing Sa-viour now bids us come in:



Lead Me In.—Concluded.

9

Let the wa - - - - -ters be trou - - - bled; Dear Saviour, just now lead me in.



Let the wa - ters be troubled and help me step in: Now wash me and cleanse me, and I shall be clean.



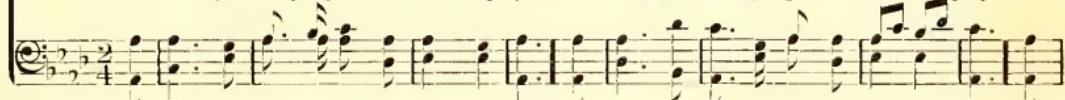
'Tis Sweet to Pray.

E. A. BARNES.

G. J. KURZENKNABE.



1. To God, in realms above, 'Tis sweet to pray; To God, so rich in love, 'Tis sweet to pray. I
2. As He is al - ways near, 'Tis sweet to pray; As He will help to cheer, 'Tis sweet to pray. I
3. At morn-ing's ear-ly light 'Tis sweet to pray; Then at the com-ing night 'Tis sweet to pray. I



call upon His name; I do not call in vain; Oh, it is mine to say, 'Tis sweet to pray, Sweet to pray!
know He cares for me; I know His love so free; Oh, it is mine to say, 'Tis sweet to pray, Sweet to pray!
knock and I believe; I ask and I re - ceive; Oh, it is mine to say, 'Tis sweet to pray, Sweet to pray!



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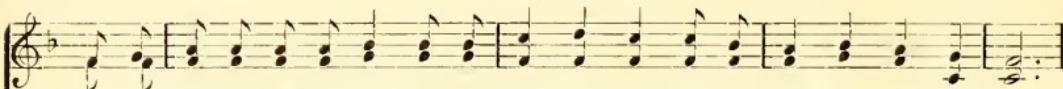
We shall Reap as We have Sown.

Rev. L. WHITE.

I. N. MC HOSE.



1. We shall reap as we have sown in the world's broad field, Reap as we have sown, Reap as we have sown;
2. Let us sow the seeds of love by the wa - ters still, Sow the seeds of love, Sow the seeds of love,
3. There are lonely hearts to cheer as the days go hy, Lone-ly hearts to cheer, Lone-ly hearts to cheer;
4. Soon the reaping time shall come for the seeds we've sown, Reaping time shall come, Reap-ing time shall come,



Eve - ry lov - ing deed we've done shall a har - vest yield, When the Lord shall claim His own.
 For the work that we may do shall a man - sion fill, When the Lord shall claim His own.
 There are err - ing ones to guide to the home on high, When the Lord shall claim His own.
 And we all shall then ap - pear at the judg - ment throne, When the Lord shall crown His own.



CHORUS.

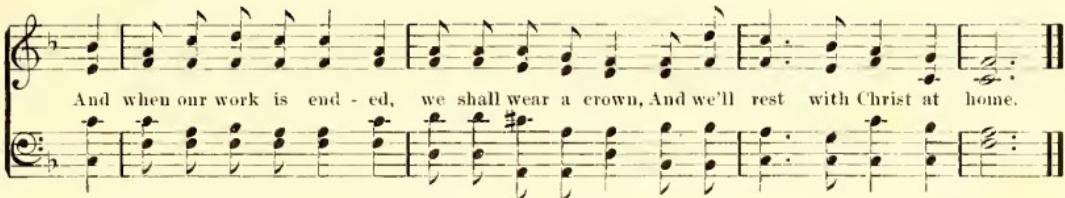


And when our work is end-ed, we shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown;



We shall Reap as We have Sown.—Concluded.

11



And when our work is end - ed, we shall wear a crown, And we'll rest with Christ at home.

Just for To-day.

Arranged.

I. N. McHOSE.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords. A lyrics box is placed above the notes, listing four petitions:

1. Not for to-mor-row, but to-day, I hum-bly pray;
2. Help me Thy pre-cious word to heed, Prompt to o - obey,
3. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un-think-ing say;
4. For-give: if aught should grieve Thy will, Take it a-way.

The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Lord, keep me from the sin - ful way, Just
To love and serve my Lord indeed, Just
Keep Thou my lips from speaking hurt, Just
My heart with grace and wisdom fill, Just

CHORUS.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords. A lyrics box is placed below the notes, repeating the chorus:

for to - day! Just for to - day, Just for to - day: Oh, keep me from the sinful way, Just for to-day!
for to - day! Just for to - day, Just for to - day: Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to-day!
for to - day! Just for to - day, Just for to - day: Keep Thon my lips from evil, Lord, Just for to-day!
for to - day! Just for to - day, Just for to - day: My heart with love and patience fill, Just for to-day!

The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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Beautiful Land of the Blest.

Arr. by J. H. K.

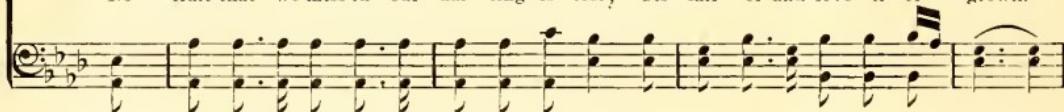
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. By the hut of the pea - ant where pov - er - ty weeps, And nigh to the tow'rs of the king,-
2. Each hour and each mo-ment a mes - sen-ger comes, And beckons us o - ver the way;
3. Not a charm that we knew ere the bonnd'ry was crossed, When we stood in the val-ley a - lone-



Close, close to the cra - dle where in - fan - cy sleeps, And joy loves to lin - ger and sing,
Through heart-throbs and sighing, and beat-ing of drums, An ar - my of mor-tals o - bey.
No trait that we miss in our dar - ling is lost; 'Tis fair - er and love - li - er grown.



There's a gar - den of light full of heaven's per-fume, On its por - tals no shad-ows e'er rest,
And the friends that in tears kissed the mo - tion-less brow, Shall a-gain meet the loved they have missed;
As the lil - ies burst forth, when the shad-ows of night In - to hound-age at day-light are pressed,



Beautiful Land of the Blest.—Concluded.

13



And the ro - ses and lil - les are ev - er in bloom, 'Tis the beau - ti - ful land of the blest.
There, be - yond the dark vale, they beck-on us now To the beau - ti - ful land of the blest.
So they bask in the glow of the pit - lar of light, In the beau - ti - ful land of the blest.



CHORUS.



Beau - - - - ti - ful land! . . . The land of the blest: 'Tis the
Land of the beau - ti - ful, land of the blest; Beau - ti - ful land of the saved and blest!



land of the beau - - - - ti - ful; Beau - ti - ful land of the blest!
Land of the beau - ti - ful, land of the beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful land of the blest!



Let Them Come.

I. I. LESLIE.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Let the chil-dren come to me, Now, me-thinks, I hear Him say; In my king-dom
 2. Let the chil-dren come to me: This He said in days of old; With their hearts from
 3. Let the chil-dren come and sing; Hin - der not their joy - ful songs; Let them now their

CHORUS.

they will be; Pur - chased by my blood are they.
 sin made free, Let them come in - to my fold. } Let them come, let them come;
 trih - uate bring, For to me their praise be - longs.)

In my bright and heav'nly home There is weleome, there is room; Let them eome, let them come.

Thy Love is Like a Burning Fire.

15

FABER.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. I love Thee, Lord, and know not how My trans - ports to con - trol; Thy love is like a
 2. O won - der - ful! that Thou shouldst let So vile a heart as mine Love Thee with such a
 3. Lord, Thou to me art all in all, My hon - or and my wealth, My heart's de - sire, my

CHORUS.

burn - ing fire With-in my ver - y soul.)
 love as this, And make so free with Thine. } O Je - sus! Je - sus! dear - est Lord! For-
 bod - y's strength, My soul's e - ter - nal health.)

give me if I say, For ver - y love, Thy sa - cred name A thou - sand times a day.

The Glad New Song.

LIZZIE ASHBRAUGH.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Shall our lips be tuned to singing, When we join the ransomed throng? O - ver in the gold-en
 2. We shall tell the ransomed sto-ry Of the Lamb for sinners slain: There from glo - ry un - to
 3. Yes, we'll sweet-ly join the chorus O - ver on the golden shore; With ten thou-sand times ten

CHORUS.

ei - ty Shall we join the glad new song? } glo - ry Swells the glad tri - umph - ant strain. } Un - to Him who has redeemed us, And from
 thousand, We shall praise for ev - er - more. }

sin has set us free, Glo - ry, hon - or, power and blessing, Now and ev - er - more shall be.

At the Feet of Jesus.

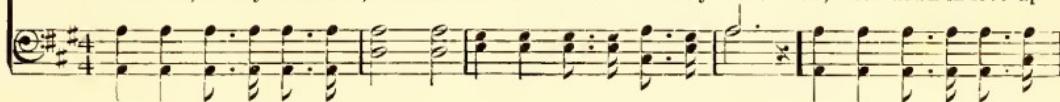
17

Selected.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.



1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words we hear Him say! Hap - py place! so near, so
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where cau mor-tal be more blest? There I lay my sins and
3. Bless me, O my Sa - viour, bless me As I sit low at Thy feet! Oh, look down in love up-



pre - cious! May it find me there each day! Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus,
sor - rows, And when wea - ry, find sweet rest. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus,
on me, Let me see Thy face so sweet! Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus,



I would look up-on the past; For His love has been so pre-cious, It has won my heart at last.
Where I love to weep and pray, While I from His fulness gath - er Grace and comfort day by day.
Make me ho - ly as He is; May I prove I've been with Je-sus, Who is all my right-eous-ness!



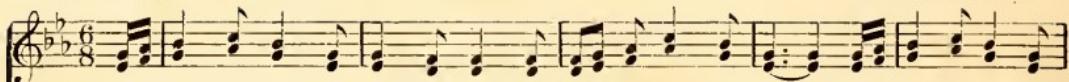
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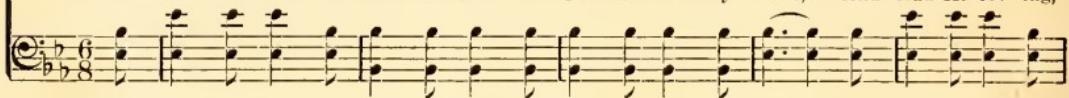
Beautiful Home.

Words Selected.

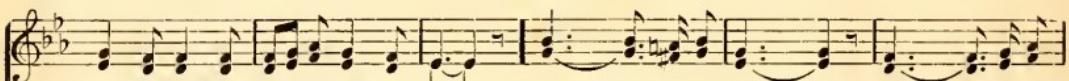
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



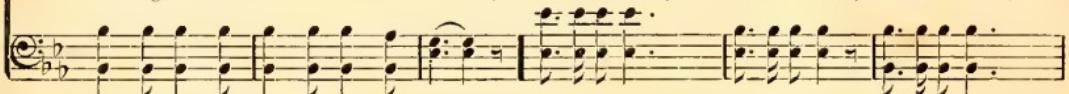
1. There's not a bright and beam-ing smile Which in this world I see, But turns my heart to
 2. Thongh oft-en here my soul is sad, And falls the si - lent tear, There is a world of
 3. 'Tis but a lit - tle while and then The Lord will sure - ly come, And lead His lov - ing,



CHORUS.



fu - ture joys And whispers heav'n to me. } Beau - - ti-ful home, Beau - - ti-ful
 smiles and love, And sor-row comes not there. } wait-ing child In - to His bless-ed home. } Beautiful home, beautiful home, Beautiful home,



home; . . . Home of God's chil - dren, Beau - - ti - ful home.
 bean - ti - ful home; Home of God's chil - dren, beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.



Christian Battle Cry.

19

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.



1. On-ward march we 'neath the roy-al ban - ner, Sol-diers of the heav'nly King; Sing-ing now to
2. On-ward march we, needful weapons bear-ing For life's long great bat-tle - day; Each the oth - er's
3. On-ward march, nor fal - ter-ing nor fear-ing, God's pure word our trust-y sword; On our ban - ner,
4. Glo-rious ban-ner! great and mighty Sa-viour! Vic-tor o - ver eve - ry foe, We to - day would



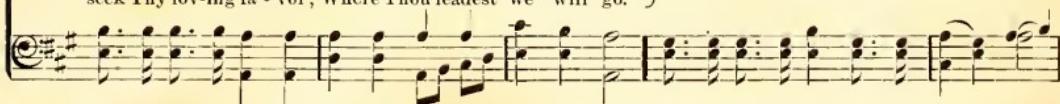
CHORUS. *f*

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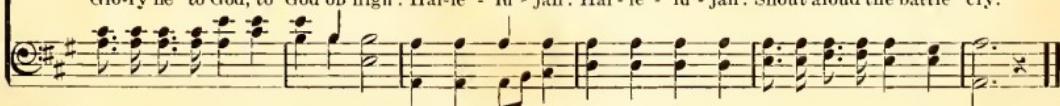


God our glad ho-san-na, All our ranks with mu - sic ring,
heavy - y bur - den sharing, Thus we jour - ney ou our way.
lo ! the name appearing Of our Cap - tain, Christ the Lord.
seek Thy lov-ing fa - vor; Where Thou leadest we will go.

Glo-ry he to God, Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo-ry he to God, to God op high ! Hal-le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Shout aloud the battle cry.



Joyously On.

F. M. D.

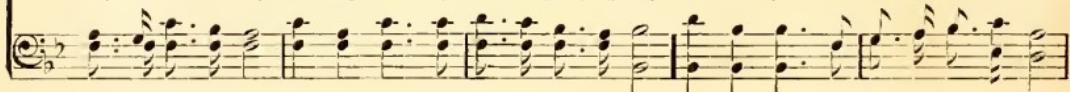
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. March-ing on, an ar-my strong and grand, March-ing on to Canaan's hap-py land. By Je-ho-vah
 2. March-ing on through sunny days of youth, Loy-al ev-er to the gos-pel truth; Tempted oft-en
 3. March-ing on through dust and burning heat; Marching oft-en, too, with weary feet; Strife and tri-als



we are led a-long, Safe-ly to the land of joy and song; Happy, free as birds up-on the wing,
 as we ou-ward go, Nev-er yield-ing to the wi-ly foe. With our ban-ner flashing'gainst the sky,
 may be set our way, We keep bold-ly march-ing day by day. Cheer-ful-ly the tri-als we will bear,



CHORUS.



March-ing home-ward with a might-y King,) On, joy-ous-ly on; We are
 March-ing to the prou-ised land on high.
 For we know that vie-t'ry waits us there,) Marching on, marching on,



marching on, an army strong and grand. On, joy-ons-ly on; We are marching on to Canaan's happy land.
 Marching on, marching on,
 strong and grand.

Lord, we Come before Thee Now.

(HENDON. 7s.)

REV. DR. MALAN.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now; At Thy feet we hum - bly bow: Oh, do not our
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend; Fill our hearts with
3. Send some mes - sage from Thy word. That may joy and peace af - ford; Let Thy Spir - it
4. Grant that all may seek and find Thee, O glo - rious God, their Friend; Heal the sick, the

suit dis -dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 Thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
 now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart, Full sal - va - tion to each heart.
 cap - tive free, Let us all re - joice in Ththe, Let us all re - joice in Ththe.

Jesus is Coming Again.

R. G. STAPLES. By per.



1. Je - sus is com - ing, is com - ing a - gain; Shout the glad tid - ings, the good news proclaim;
 2. Je - sus is com - ing, re-deem'd ones, be glad; Put on the gar - ments of beau - ty— be clad;
 3. Je - sus is com - ing; O sin - ner, a - wake! Free is sal - va - tion to all who par - take;



Je - sus is com - ing a King on his throne, Je - sus is com - ing to wel - come His own.
 Watch-ing and wait-ing be, soon He will come, Come in His gran - deur to wel - come you home.
 Drink at the fountain that flows full and free, Mer - ey and par - don are of - fered to thee.



CHORUS.



Je - sus is com - ing, re - peat the re - frain; Je - sus is com - ing, is com - ing a - gain.



Hear My Prayer.

23

W. C. HOLMES.

E. D. KECK.



1. Hear my prayer; O hear and bless, While my sins I now con - fess! Let me hear that voice so mild
2. Hear my prayer; O Fa - ther, hear! Soothe my conscience, calm my fear; Drive away each ris - ing doubt,
3. Hear my prayer, and make me Thine; May I know that Thou art mine; Know I am from sin set free,



CHORUS.



Soft - ly say, Thon art my child. }
Cast the e - vil spir - it out. } Hear my prayer; O Fa-ther, hear! Safe am I if
And each day grow more like Thee. }



Thou art near; More like Christ, my Sa - viour, make, Hear me for Thy mer - ey's sake.



That Beautiful Dream.

W. E. P.

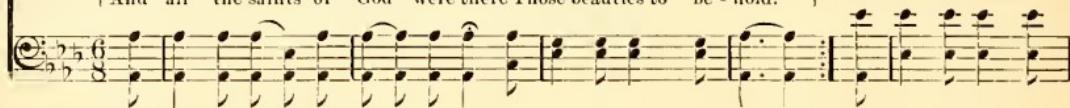
Slowly and thoughtfully.

W. E. PENN.



1. 'Twas night and all a-round was still; I lay up-on my bed;
I dreamed death's portals I had past And was a-mong the dead;
The sweet-est voice fell on mine ear, It thrilled mine in-most soul;
2. "A - rise, my love, and come a-way Un-to thy prom-ised goal."
I dreamed I saw the jas - per walls And streets of pur - est gold,
3. And all the saints of God were there Those beauties to be hold.

I heard the trump of
I looked, I saw, I
I heard the wel-come



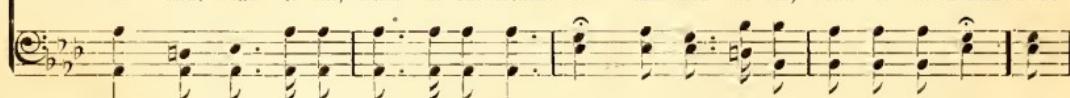
God resounnd The dead in Christ to raise; I saw the saints prepared to shout Our blest Redeemer's praise.
can-not tell, There's nothiung will compare; I saw my Sa-viour glo - ri-fied, And loved ones gathered there,
plandit giv'n, "Come, all ye blessed, come; Rejoice, rejoice for ev - er-more, In this thy heavenly home."



CHORUS.



O that beau - ti - ful, bean - ti - ful dream! O that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful dream! Dear



That Beautiful Dream.—Concluded.

25

Musical score for 'That Beautiful Dream—Concluded.' The music is in common time, key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and bass notes. The lyrics are:

Lord, shall it be, all my loved ones I'll see As they were in that beau - ti - ful dream?

There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest.

(LANESBORO. C. M.)

Musical score for 'There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest.' The music is in common time, key signature is C major (no sharps or flats). The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and bass notes. The lyrics are:

1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest To wea - ry wan-d'rous given; There is a joy for
2. There is a home for wea - ry souls By sin and sor - rows driven, Where tossed on life's tem-
3. There faith lifts up the tear - less eye, The heart with an - guish riven; It views the tem - pest

Continuation of the musical score for 'There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest.' The music continues in common time, key signature is C major. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and bass notes. The lyrics are:

souls dis - tressed, A balm for eve - ry wound - ed breast; 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.
pes - tuous shoals, Where storms a - rise and o - cean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.
pass - ing by, Sees ev'n - ing shad-ows quick - ly fly, And all se - rene in heaven.

Nothing but Leaves.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

ANON.

Andante.

1. Nothing but leaves! The Spir - it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life; O'er
 2. Nothing but leaves! No gath - ered sheaves Of life's fair rip'n - ing grain: We
 3. Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past; And
 4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas - ter meet, And bring but with - ered leaves? Ah,

sins in - dulged while eon - science slept, O'er vows and prom - is - es un - kept, And
 sow our seed; lo! tares and weeds.—Words, i - dle words for earn - est deeds. Then
 as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and mis - spent day, We
 who shall at the Sa - viour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful judg - ment day, Lay

Rit. dim.

reap from years of strife, Not - ing but leaves! Not - ing but leaves!
 reap with toil and pain, Not - ing but leaves! Not - ing but leaves!
 sad - ly find at last, Not - ing but leaves! Not - ing but leaves!
 down for gold - en sheaves, Not - ing but leaves! Not - ing but leaves!

Who is Ready?

27

ANNIE CUMMINGS.
Spirited.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. Wait-ing is the gold-en har-vest, Wait-ing is the gold-en grain, While the Mas-ter
 2. Tru-ly is the har-vest plen-teous, But the la-bor-eis are few; Pray ye that the
 3. Will the Mas-ter hold us guilt-less, If the work be left un-done? If for lack of
 4. Haste, O hast-en, Chris-tian work-ers! Swift-ly spend the hours a-way; Hearken to the

CHORUS.

calls for reap-ers From the hill-side and the plain.)
 Lord of har-vest Send forth work-men tried and true.)
 la-bor per-ish Pre-cious souls we might have won?) Who is will-ing? who is ready?
 Mas-ter's warn-ing, Work ye while 'tis called to-day.)

Who will go and work to-day? See the gold-en har-vest waiting! Who will bear the sheaves away?

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I am Hiding 'Neath the Shadow.

ANON.

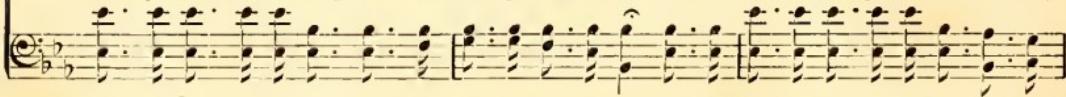
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. In the se - cret of His pres- ence How my soul de - lights to hide! Oh, how
 2. When my soul is faint and thirs-ty, 'Neath the shad - ows of His wing There is
 3. When the years of life are press-ing, 'Neath that shel - ter find me room; There is



pre - cious are the les-sons Which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earthly cares can nev-er fret me, Nei-ther cool and pleasant shel-ter, And a fresh and crystal spring; And my Saviour rests beside me, As we am - ple shade, re-fresh-ing All the wea - ry who shall come. Blessed Saviour, there provide me Where my



tri - als lay me low, For when Sa - tan comes to tempt me To this "se - cret place" I go.
 hold com - mu - nion sweet. If I tried I could not ut - ter What He says when thus we meet,
 bur - den I may hide; Grant me peace, and rest and shel - ter For the com - ing e - ven-tide.



I am Hiding 'Neath the Shadow.—Concluded.

29

CHORUS.

I am hid - - - - ing 'neath the shad - - - - ow Of His
I am hid - ing 'neath the shad - ow Of His strong and shelt'ring wing; I am

strong - - - - and shelt'ring wing; Earth - ly cares can nev - er fret me, Nei - ther
hid-ing 'neath the shadow Of His strong and shelt'ring wing;

tri - als lay me low, For when Sa - tan comes to tempt me, To this "se - ret place" I go.

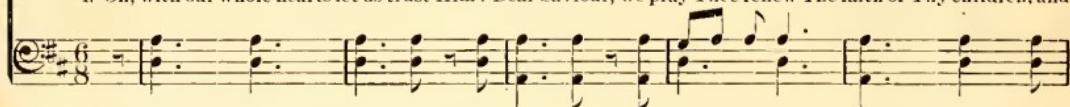
Consider the Lilies.

LAURA E. NEWELL.
DUET.

R. A. GLENN. By per.



1. Con-sid-er the lili-es; they toil not, They toil not, nor yet do they spin; And still, with a royal ap-
 2. Fair lilies by Hina thus cre-at - ed, With beau - ty so wondrous to see; A mar-vel of pur-i - ty,
 3. Oh, how can we doubt our Redeemer? Oh, how can our faith be so small? We know that He cares for the
 4. Oh, with our whole hearts let us trust Him! Dear Saviour, we pray Thee renew The faith of Thy children, and



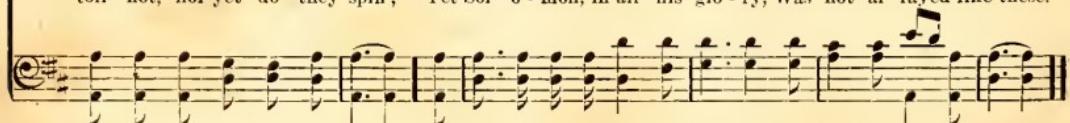
CHORUS.



- par - el, They all their ex - ist - ence be - gin, } yield-ing An in - cense of sweet-ness so free, } Be - hold . . . the beau - ti - ful lil - es: They
 lil - es, And notes if a spar - row should fall, } strengthen Our souls for a ser - vice more true. } Be - hold, be - hold,



toil not, nor yet do they spin; Yet Sol - o - mon, in all his glo - ry, Was not ar - rayed like these.



The Call for Reapers.

31

J. O. THOMPSON.

Spirited.



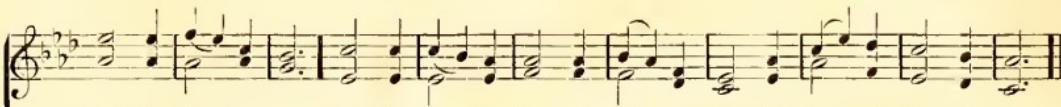
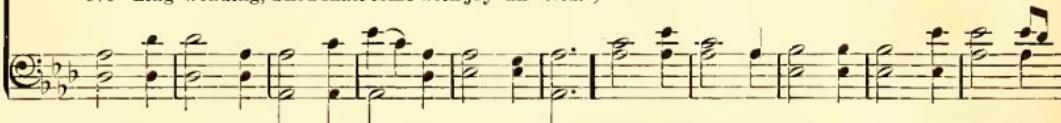
1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing With the waves of ri - pened grain; Far and near their
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noon-tide's glare; When the sun's last
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold; Heav'nward then at



CHORUS.



gold is gleaming O'er the sun - ny slope and plain,) rays are gleaming, Bid them gath - er eve - ry-where, } Lord of har - vest, send forth reapers; Hear us, eve - ning wending, Thou shalt come with joy un - told. }



Lord! to Thee we ery; Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest-time pass by.



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J. B. O. CLEMM.

We are Singing.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

P. P. BLISS.



1. We are sing - ing, prais - es bring - ing, To our Sa - vior to - day, For His
2. He hath led us, kind - ly fed us With sweet man - na di - vine, Gent - ly
3. Care and tri - als, self - de - ni - als, Meet we day af - ter day; But so
4. Broth - er, love Him, come and prove Him. Your Re - deem - er and King; He'll re-



CHORUS.



kind - ness in our blindness, Leading safe - ly al - way. }
 chid - ing, ere a - bid - ing On our path-way to shine. } Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! We are
 sweet - ly and com - plete - ly Je - sus drives them a - way. } ceive you and re - lieve you; Hal - le - ln - jah then sing. }



march-ing a - long; Christ and glo - ry, wondrous sto - ry, Is the theme of our song.



Resting in Jesus.

33

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WARREN W. BENTLEY. By per.

With feeling.

1. Soon shall I rest in Je - sus, Rest in His dear em - brace, E'en to a life e-
2. Trust - ing my all with Je - sus, Why should my faith de - cline? What if I toil and
3. Soon will my sheaves be gath - ered, Soon will my work be done; Then I shall rise tri-

CHO.—Soon shall I rest in Je - sus, Rest in His dear em - brace; E'en to a life e-

FINE.

ter - mal, Saved by re - deem - ing grace. Soon shall I hear the greet - ing,
la - bor, Wait - ing the har - vest - time? What if my path be rung - ged?
umph - ant, Then will my crown be won. Oh, what a glo - rious vis - ion

ter - mal, Saved by re - deem - ing grace.

D.C.

Friends that in days of yore Sung of the gold-en ei - ty, Longed for the gold-en shore.
Je - sus that path hath trod, Leav-ing a lamp to guide me Up to the throne of God.
Comes to my rap-tured sight!— Fields of im-mor-tal ver - dure, Skies of un-cloud-ed light.

3

Harvest.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lo! the dawn is ris - ing O'er the east - ern hills,
2. Mel - o - dies they're chant - ing As the brightness glows;
3. Bril - liant is the beau - ty Of the joy - ous morn;

And the wild - bird sing - ing,
Fair the flow'rs are bloom - ing,
Reap - ers hail the gleam - ing

CHORUS.

Eve - ry heart en - thrills. } See, the ripened fields are teem - - ing; Hear the reap - ers' glad re -
Sweet - est fragrance flows.
Of the gold - en corn. } See, the ripened fields are teeming; Hear the

re -
frain; Ringing lond and clear the mu - sie, Wak - ing ech - oes o'er the plain,
reap - ers' glad refrain;

One by One We'll all be Gathered Home.

35

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.



1. We are trav'ling to a bet-ter land—One by one we'll all be gathered home,—And we'll trust the Saviour's
2. We are drawing nearer eve-ry day—One by one we'll all be gathered home—To that joy that faeth
3. There we'll meet our lov'd ones gone before—One by one we'll all be gathered home,—And we'll dwell with Jesus
4. Come, my brother, join the hap-py throng—One by one we'll all be gathered home—Singing now redemption's



CHORUS.



- guiding hand : One by one we'll all be gathered home.)
not away : One by one we'll all be gathered home.
evermore : One by one we'll all be gathered home.
holly song : One by one we'll all be gathered home.)
Gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, One by one we'll all be
Gath'ring together, gatb'ring together,



The Place I find Rest.

W. C. HOLMES.

E. D. KECK.



1. There's a place where my soul ev - er feels a re - pose That the world and its joys can - not give;
2. There's a place where my Sa-viour has prom-ised to meet, And be - stow what in faith I may ask;
3. There's a place of all oth - ers the dear - est—the best; I have roamed for its e - qual in vain;
4. There's a place the most fa - vored be-neath the blue sky, Where the sweetest of pas - tures a - bound;



Where the blessings of heav-en their sweetness dis - close, And in an - swer to prayer I re - ceive.
 Where to work is a pleas - ure and ser - vice is sweet, And where du - ty is nev - er a task.
 But I ev - er re - turn to this e - den of rest, With a vow that I'll ev - er re - main,
 And I pray the good Lord, when my time comes to die, In this Good Shepherd's fold I'll be found.



CHORUS.



'Tis the house of the Lord, 'tis the Christian's re-treat, Where I oft get a glimpse of the goal;



The Place I find Rest.—Concluded.

37

'Tis the foot of the Cross, 'tis the dear mer - cy seat, 'Tis the place I find rest to my soul.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH,

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Happy Songs of Zion.

1. On my way to Zi - on Songs my lips em - ploy; Ev - er fresh the good - ness,
 2. Songs of joy be - fore me Shall my soul in - cite, For I'm press - ing on - ward
 3. God my hand is hold - ing, And a song He gives, With the sweet as - sur - ance
 4. When with foes con - tend - ing For the vic - to - ry, Songs of great de - liv'r - ance

D.S. Sing - ing through the dark - ness,

FINE. CHORUS.

Ev - er new the joy. }
 To the gold - en light. }
 My Re - deem - er lives. } Hap - py songs of Zi - on, Sing - ing all the way;
 Set my spir - it free. }

Sing - ing through the day.

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Home of Rest.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. Faintly flow, thou falling river, Like a dream that dies away; Down to ocean gliding
 2. Roses bloom and then they wither, Cheeks are bright then fades their glow; Shapes of light are wafted
 3. Life is one pure, shining river Flowing to the crystal sea; We are sailing on it

1. Faintly flow, thou falling riv-er. Like a dream that dies away; Down to ocean

ev-er, Keep thy calm un-ruffled way; Time, with such a silent motion, Floats a-
 hither, Then like vis-ions, too, they go; Quick as clouds at evening driven O'er the
 ev - er To the vast e - ter-ni - ty; Swift-ly on to home and heaven, With the
 glid-ing ev-er, Keep thy calm un - ruf - fled way; Time, with such a si - lent motion,

long . . . on wings of air To e - ter - nity's dark ocean, Bringing all its treasures there.
 ma - ny colored west, Time is bear - ing us to heaven, Home of hap - pi-ness and rest.
 rush - ing, heaving tide, Soon we'll an - chor and be given Mansions where the saved abide,
 Floats along on wings of air To e-ter - ni - ty's dark ocean, Bringing all its treasures there.

Will He not Care for Me?

39

Rev. WM. NEWELL, D. D.

W. A. OGDEN, By per.

1. I heard a roh - in sing - ing His hap - py morn-ing song; I saw his helpmeet bringing Their
 2. I saw the ros - es grow - ing In beau - ty day by day; No queen in all her glo - ry So
 3. I thank Thee, O my Fa - ther, That 'mid life's toil and dust The birds and flowers can bring us Such

breakfast for the young, And to me came a whis - per In winds that softly fan the tree, "If
 love - ly in ar - ray! And on the leaves were written Sweet words of love and trust for me: "If
 heavenly hope and trust! Quickened by faith they whisper The Master's word in peace to me.—"If

FINE.

D.S.

God for these soareth, Will He not care for me?" Will He not care for me, . . . Will He not care for me?
 God so clothe the roses, Will He not care for me?" Will He not care for me, . . . Will He not care for me?
 God for these soareth, Will He not care for me?" Will He not care for me, . . . Will He not care for me?
 for me,"

The Gathering of the Ransomed.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. What a great and won - drous gath'ring when the Son of Man shall come, In the
 2. We shall see the ho - ly ci - ty of the new Je - rn - ss - lem; We shall
 3. At the won-drous liv - ing foun-tain, flow - ing pure and full and free, How we'll

brightness of His glory, with His peo - ple gath'ring home! When all na-tions, tribes and kingdoms of the
 en-ter through the gate beset with many a wondrous gem; And the Lord Himself shall meet us with the
 drink, and never thirst again, he - side the crys - tal sea! There we'll join in songs of heav-en, strike the

earth shall be His own, They shall hail Him Lord and Saviour, Him that sit - teth on the throne.
 ho - ly an - gel band; Friends and loved ones then shall greet us to the heav'n-ly glo - ry land.
 harps of pur - est gold, For the vie - to - ry is giv - en and the Sa - viour we he - hold.

The Gathering of the Ransomed.—Concluded.

41

CHO.—What a gath'r - - - - - ing of the ran - - - - - somed— what a

What a gath'r-ing of the ran-somed—what a gath'r-ing that will be, When we

gath'r - - - ing that will be,

There to meet and be with

meet with one another with a shout of vic-to-ry! There the loved ones wait to greet us, and the

Je - - - - sus through the vast e - ter - ni - ty!

Lord Him-self we'll see, And for ev - er be with Je - sus through the vast e - ter - ni - ty.

Sound His Praise Anew.

Rev. A. C. TRUMBULL.

Rev. A. C. TRUMBULL.



1. Prais-es, prais- es to the Lord we bring; Lift we heart and voice a song to sing; Eve - ry tongue His
 2. Prais-es, prais- es to His name re-peat; Sing His mighty love in measure sweet; Strew His path with
 3. Prais-es, prais- es an-gels sang on earth, On Ju-de-a's plains at Je - sus' birth; But a no - bler



D.C. Prais-es, prais- es to the Lord we bring: Lift we heart and voice a song to sing; Eve - ry tongue His

FINE. DUET.



love and truth would tell, And His praise in mu - sic swell.
 mel - o - dy of praise, And your sweet ho-san - has raise,
 song our voic - es swell, Of re-deem - ing love we tell.

Shout His vic - t'ry o'er the grave,
 Shout His vie - t'ry o'er the grave,
 Shout, He's ris - en from the dead;



love and truth would tell, And His praise in mu - sic swell.

D.C.



Tell His love and mer - ey; Shout a - loud His power to save, Sound His praise a - new.
 Sing His love and mer - ey; How He died our souls to save, Sound His praise a - new.
 Sa - tan could not bind Him; Now He reigns our liv - ing Head, Sound His praise a - new.



Peace be Still.

43

ALEXENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. When on the wild tu - mul-tuous sea The wea - ry soul is tossed, "Lord, save!" let thy pe-
 2. What though the waves of deep de-spair En - com-pass thee to - day? "Lord, save!" still be thy
 3. How sweet and ho - ly is the calm, When to the trou-bled soul His ten - der ac - cents,



CHORUS.

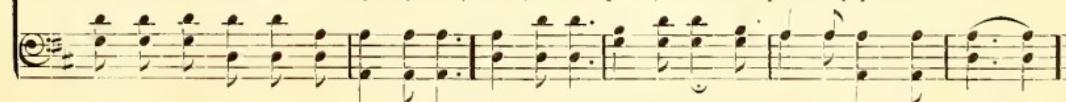


ti - tion be, Ere thy frail bark is lost. }
 eain-est prayer; His voice the winds o - bey. }
 "Peace, be still," A - cross the wa - ters roll! }

Peace, be still, peace, be still; The



winds and the wa - ters o - bey Thy will; Peace, be still, peace, bestill: O speak Thy peace to me.



Beautiful Zion.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

DUET.

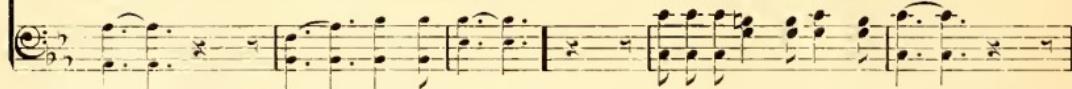


1. Beautiful Zi - on built a - bove,
2. Beautiful ei - ty filled with light,
3. Beautiful crowns on eve-ry brow,
4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
- Beautiful ci - ty that I love,
- Beautiful au - gels clothed in white,
- Beautiful palms the conq'rors show,
- Beautiful songs the angels sing,
- Beautiful gates of pearly
- Beautiful strains that never
- Beautiful robes the ransomed
- Beautiful rest, all wand'rings



CHORUS.

white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple, God its light. He who was slain on Cal - va - ry Opened those
 tire, Beau-ti-ful harps thro'all the choir. He who was slain on Cal-va-ry
 wear, Beau-ti-ful all who en - ter there. He who was slain on Cal-va-ry
 cease, Beau-ti-ful home of per-fect peace. He who was slain on Cal-va-ry



pearl - y gates to me, Opened those pearl - y gates to me.
 Opened those pearl - y gates to me, Opened those pearl - y gates to me.

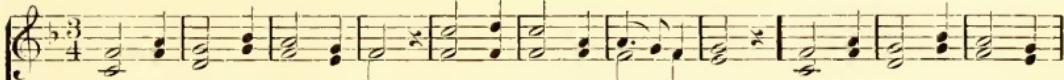


One More Blessing.

45

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

GEO. J. KURZENKNABE.



1. Though Thy mercies o'er me fall, Still, my Fa-ther, I im-plore, In Thy good-ness and Thy
 2. Not e-nough for me to have An a-ton-ing Lord a-bove; Not e-nough for me to
 3. Life and hope and blessings mine, But in-crease my spir-it's need; For a hum-ble con-trite
 4. One more bless-ing grant Thy child, One more gift of grace di-vine: While I rich-ly all things



CHORUS.



love, Grant to me one bless-ing more! } share In His great a-bound-ing love.
 heart, Hear me, Sa-viour, while I plead! } Give me, Lord, a lov-ing heart, Look-ing ev-er
 share, Make me wor-thy to be Thine!



un-to Thee, All Thy good-ness to dis-cern, All Thy love di-vine to see!



Angels will Welcome us Home.

IDA WHIPPLE.

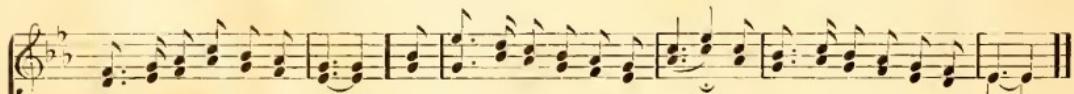
WARREN W. BENTLEY.



1. How sad is the wil - der - ness way! How ma - ny the dan - gers we meet! Our
 2. How oft - en we're summoned to part With some cherished friend that we love! While
 3. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way o'er, This wea - ri-some pil - grim-age ends; There its



hopes and our pleasures decay, And lie in the dust at our feet; Yet one joyous promise re-mains To
 grief sits supreme in the heart, What peace cometh down from above! They nev-er will smile on us more While
 tri - als and la-hors are gone, The sun in our heaven de-scends, And sweet is the promise of rest, And



cheer our faint hearts in the gloom: When ended life's sorrows and pains, The an-gels will welcome us home.
 thro' the bleak desert we roam, Yet safe on the ev - er-green shore, The an-gels will welcome us home,
 sweet is the meeting to come, For soon in the realms of the blest The au-gels will welcome us home.



Scatter the Sunbeams.

47

L. M. TENNEY.

1. Scatter the sunbeams, send forth the light ; Drive back the shadows of sorrow's dark night ; Show to the cheerless
 2. Scatter the sunbeams, cheer with thy smile ; Bless other souls by a heart without guile : Strive by kind ac - tions
 3. Scatter the sunbeams! hope beameth bright; Bathed is her forehead with radiant light; Shed forth that brightness

J. H. TENNEY. By per.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the Way ; Point to the regions of heav - en-ly day. } wand'lers to win Back from the by-paths of er - ror and sin. } Scatter the sunbeams, the bright golden sunbeams,
 where'er you go, Blessing and blessed your life's journey thro'. }

1. Scat - ter the sun-beams, the sun-beams of love; 2. Scat - ter the sun-beams, the sun-beams of love.

Selected.

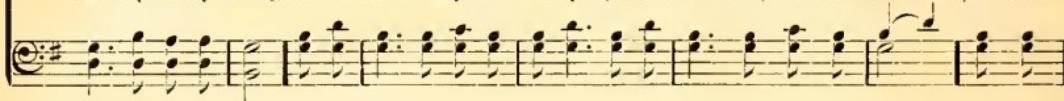
Arranged by J. H. K.



1. I am dwelling on a mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered many years, Of- ten hindered in my journey By the
 3. I am drinking at the foun-tain Where I ev - er would a - hide; For I've tasted life's pure riv - er, And my
 4. Oh! the cross has wondrous glory ; Oft I've proved this to be true; When I'm in the way so narrow, I can



ceeds my fondest dreams ; Where the air is pure, e-the-real, La - den with the breath of flowers That are ghosts of doubt and fears, Broken vows and disappointments Thickly scattered all the way. Let them soul is sat - is - fied. There's no thirst for earthly pleasures, Nor adornments rich and gay, For I've see a pathway through ; And how sweetly Jesus whispers, "Take the cross, thou need'st not fear; I have

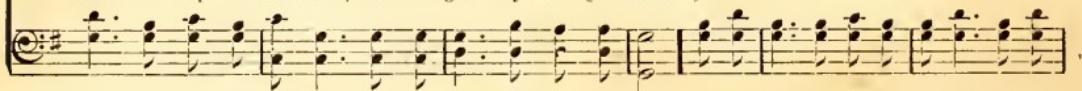


CHORUS.



bloom - ing by the foun - tain, 'Neath the am - a-ran-thine howers, there; I've found my Saviour; He has been my strength and stay. found a rich - er trea-sure, One that fad - eth not a - way, tried this way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near."

} Is not this the land of Beulah, Blessed,



Is not This the Land of Beulah?—Concluded.

49

bless - ed land of light, Where the flow - ers bloom for ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright?

Stand Up for Jesus.

Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD.

(WEBB. 7s & 6s. Double.)

GEO. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross! Lift high His royal banner, It must not suffer loss.
 2. Stand up! stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict In this His glorious day.
 3. Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own.
 4. Stand up! stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of battle, The next the victor's song.

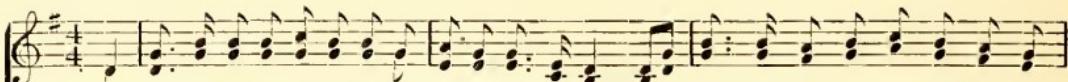
From vict'ry un-to vic't'ry, His arm-y He shall lead, Till every foe is ban-ished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him" Against unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength

Put on the gospel armor, And watching unto prayer, Where duty calls, or danger, Be never want-ing there,
 To him that o-ver-com-eth A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

Busy Workers.

EMMA Pitt.

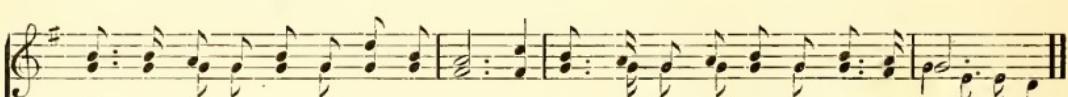
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. Oh, we are bu - sy workers in the vineyard of the Lord ; Our fruit will all be gathered by and
2. How sweet will be the harvest when with Jesus we'll sit down ! How sweet will be the har - vest by and
3. Whatever we are sowing, 'tis the same we'll al - so reap ; We'll hear our Sa-viour's wel-come by and



by. The an - gels will come reaping for the store-house up a - bove; The
 by! When gathered in his gar - ner all our gold - en fruit we see, The
 by. Well done, ye faith - ful ser-vants; en-ter now in - to my joy, Will



an - gels will come reaping by and by, The an - gels will come reaping by and by, by and by.
 reap - ers will be sing-ing by and by, The reap - ers will be sing-ing by and by, by and by.
 be the Saviour's welcome by and by, Will be the Sa-viour's welcome by and by, by and by.



"Silvery Echoes."

Selected.

Holy Spirit, Dwell with Me.

51

Arr. by J. H. K.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell with me, Make me ho - ly, like to Thee; Bring Thou every thought of
2. Lov - ing Spir - it, come to me, Make me lov - ing, like to Thee; To its depths my be - ing
3. Mighty Spir - it, live in me; I would heavenly mind-ed be; Let my heart one Sovereign
4. Glorios Spir - it, fill Thou me! This poor heart I yield to Thee; Take me bod - y, spir - it,

mine In - to har - mo - ny with Thine; Bring Thou eve - ry thought of mine In - to
stir, Print my Mas-ter's like-ness there; To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my
own, Christ its cen - tre—Christ a - lone; Let my heart one Sovereign own, Christ its
soul, Let Thy life per-vade the whole; Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let Thy

D. S. With Thy ho - li - ness di - vine Fill this

D. S.

FINE. CHORUS.

har - mo - ny with Thine. }
Mas-ter's like - ness there. }
cen - tre—Christ a - lone. }
life per - vade the whole. } Fill Thou me! fill Thou me! All my heart I yield to Thee.

pant-ing heart of mine!

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Life Abundantly.

Rev. J. M. LYONS.

J. H. K.

1. There is a liv - ing fountain, 'Tis flow-ing full and free, And all who drink its wa - ters Have
 2. Our Saviour came from glo - ry To bring to yon and me, And all His trne be - liev - ers, This
 3. Ho, ev - ery one that thirsteth! 'Tis mer-cy's voice to thee, To drink of liv - ing wa - ters A -
 4. O Je - sus, Foun e - ter - nal, Ac - cept the praise we give, And seal to us Thy wa - ters, Un -

CHORUS.

life a-bund - ant - ly. Life a - bund-ant, life a - bnd-ant,
 life a-bund - ant - ly. Life, life, life a-bund-ant - ly From the fountain
 bndant, pure and free. Life a - bnd-ant, life a - bnd-ant,
 to e - ter - nal life. Life a - bnd-ant, life a - bnd-ant,

in the sky; Life a-bund-ant, life for me in channels full and free, Ev-er flowing, nev - er dry.
 Life a-bund-ant, life for me

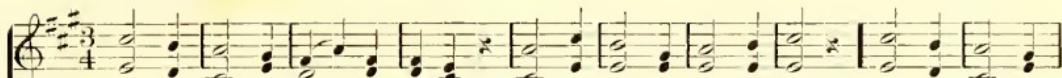
"Silvery Echoes."

Looking Unto Thee.

53

MRS. R. N. TURNER.

L. H. PARTHEMORE.



1. Upward, through the mists of morning,
Ere the day dawns clear and bright,
All my thoughts to
2. When the heat of noon - tide quickens
Hill and vale, and rest - less sea;
In the brightness
3. In the hush of night I know Thee,
In the dim and si - lent place,
While the all - pre -
4. Thee, at morn-ing, noon or evening,
Shin-ing clear, and e'er so bright;
Thee, my grate-ful



CHORUS.



- Thee are turning, Great Cre - a - tor of the light.
of Thy glo - ry, I am still dis-cern-ing Thee.
vail - ing shadows } Gather dark - ly o'er its space.
soul dis-cern-eth, God of gods and Light of light. } Looking, looking un - to Thee, God and



Fa - ther o - ver all; Let Thy light, su - preme-ly bright, O'er my path - way fall.



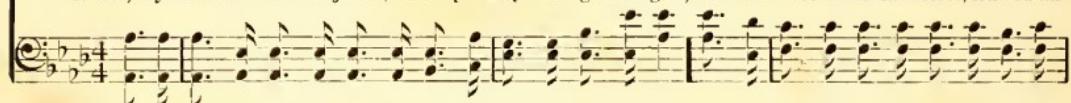
We Shall Know as We are Known.

Selected.

Adapted. Newly Arranged.



1. When we hear the music ringing In the bright ee-les-tial dome, When sweet angel voices singing, Gladly
2. When the ho-ly an-gels meet us, As we go to join their band, Shall we know the friends that greet us In the
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices, And my weary heart grows light; For the sweet immortal voices, And th'an-



bid us welcome home To the land of an- cient sto-ry, Where the dwell-ers know no care— In that glo-ri-ous hap- py land? Shall we see the same eyes shining On us as in days of yore? Shall we gel - ic fae - es bright, That shall sing with us the sto - ry Of re - demp - tion 'round the throne, Are with



D. S. We shall

FINE. CHORUS.



land of light and glory, Shall we know each other there? } We shall know as we are known, Nev-er
feel the same arms twining Fondly round us, as before? } We shall know as we are known,
us the heirs of glo-ry, And we'll know as we are known,



know each other better, When the mists have rolled away.

We Shall Know as We are Known.—Concluded.

55

D. S.

more . . . to walk a - lone,
Never more to walk a - lone, to walk alone,

In the dawning of the morning, In the land of perfect day ;

Soul, Let Him In.

I. N. McHOSE.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

SOLO.

DUET.

1. Christ is standing at the door, Soul, let Him in ! Knocking, knocking ev-er-more, Soul, let Him in !
 2. He has come from heav'n above, Soul, let Him in ! He is pleading for thy love, Sonl, let Him in !
 3. Do not turn thy Lord a-way, Soul, let Him in ! Oh, ae - cept His grace to-day, Sonl, let Him in !

He has come in love to thee, And He waits, how tenderly ! From thy sin to set thee free, Soul, let Him in !
 Worldling, from all idols part, Yield to Christ thy restless heart ; He will peace to thee impart, Sonl, let Him in !
 Should He never call again, And thou at the last remain Lost, for ever lost—what then ? Sonl, let Him in !

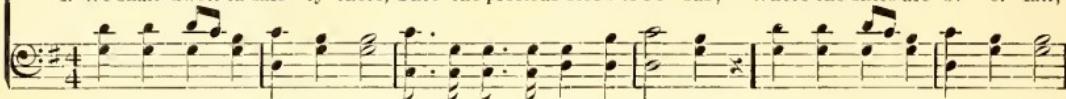
Through the Blood of Jesus.

MTS. HARRIET JONES.

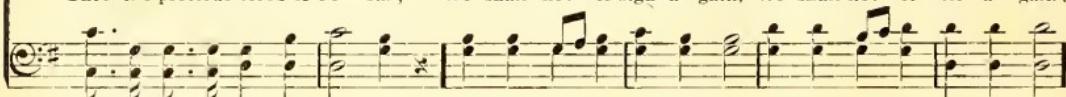
A. J. ABBEY. By per.



1. We shall reach our home some day, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus ; We shall tread the gold - en way,
2. We shall sit up - on the right, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus ; We shall wear the robes of white,
3. We shall hear the au - gels sing, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus ; We shall gaze up - on our King,
4. We shall dwell in safe - ty there, Thro' the preeious blood of Je - sus ; Where the skies are ev - er fair,



- Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus ; We shall lay each bur-den down And shall gain a glorious crown,
 Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus ; Done with toil-ing cares and fears, Done with partings, painis and tears,
 Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus ; We shall join the up - per throng In the sweet re-demp-tion song ;
 Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus ; We shall nev - er sigh a - gain, We shall nev - er dic a - gain ;



CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah ! gain a crown Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.
 While shall roll the endless years, Thro' the precions blood of Je - sus.
 Chant it sweet-ly, loud and long, Thro' the precions blood of Je - sus.
 Glo - ry to His ho - ly name ! Thro' the precious blood of Jo - sus.

} Precious blood, crimson blood ;



Through the Blood of Jesus.—Concluded.

57

Oh, the precious blood of Jesus! Hal-le-lu-jah! we shall gain a crown Thro' the precious blood of Jesus.

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where the Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the
 2. I am so wondrously saved from sin; Je-sus so sweet-ly abides within, Saves me each moment and
 3. Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day and be
 d.s. Now to my heart is the

FINE. CHORUS.

blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His name! } Glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry to His name!
 keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name! } Glory to His name! Glory to His name!
 made complete; Glo - ry to His name! } Glory to His name!

blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His name!

By per. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Room in My Heart for Thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

T. R. MATHEWS. By per.



1. Thou didst leave Thy home and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou cam-est to earth for me;
2. Heav - en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, When they told of Thy high de - gree;
3. Fox - es found their rest, and the birds their nest, In the shade of the for - est tree;
4. Thou cam - est, Lord, with the liv - ing word That should set Thy peo - ple free;



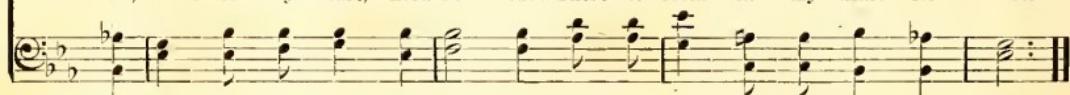
But in Bethl'hem's home there was found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.
 But in low - ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in great - est hu - mil - i - ty.
 But Thy couch was sod, O Thou Son of God! In the des - ert of Gal - i - lee.
 But with mock and scorn, and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal - va - ry.



CHORUS.



Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.



A Stronger Faith.

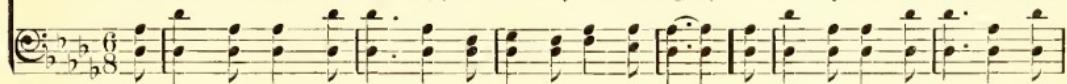
59

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. A strong- er faith, dear Sa - viour, A firm-er, deep- er love, We need while on the jour-ney To
2. A strong- er faith, dear Sa - viour, More love to do Thy will; And where Thy voice would lead us, Thy
3. A strong- er faith, dear Sa - viour, A per-fect trust in Thee; A faith in eve - ry tri - al Our
4. A faith that, firm and stead - fast, Beholds Thy constant light; But sees Thy smile the clearest Thro'



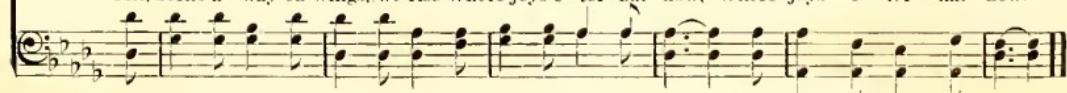
CHORUS.



reach our home a - bove.
steps to fol - low still.
Fa - ther's hand to
see, }
clouds of dark - est night. } To us, O Lord, that faith impart, On us that love be - stow,



Till, borne a - way on wings, we rise Where joys e - ter - nal flow, Where joys e - ter - nal flow.



Lead us, Saviour.

W. H. PONTIUS.

Not too fast.

1. O my Sa - viour! hear the plea That Thy ebil - dren raise to Thee; We are weak and Thou art
 2. O my Sa - viour! we would be Dai - ly, hour - ly more like Thee; More like Thee, O Sa-viour
 3. Led by Thee, by Thee made strong All the way of life a - long, We at last Thy heav'n shall

O my Saviour! hear the plea That Thy children raise to Thee; We are weak and Thou art
 O my Saviour! we would be Daily, hourly more like Thee; More like Thee, O Saviour
 Led by Thee, by Thee made strong All the way of life along. We at last Thy heaven shall

CHORUS.

strong, Help us all the way a - long.)
 dear, As we do our life - work here. Help us, Sa - viour, for from Thee All our
 see, There, O Lord, to be like Thee.

strong, Help us all the way a - long.
 dear, As we do our life-work here.
 see, There, O Lord, to be like Thee.

Help us, Saviour, for from Thee

strength must ev - er be; In Thy love we trust and say, "Lead us, lead us all the way."

All our strength must ever be;

In Thy love we trust and say,

"Lead us, lead us all the way."

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He Lives to Save.

61

REV. F. DENISON.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. He lives; pro - claim the tid - ings; Bid back the clouds of gloom; Dis - miss all doubts and
2. He lives; O tell the sto - ry To each and eve - ry one! The Lord of life and
3. He lives; for ev - er ris - en, Tri-nump-hant - ly He reigns; He o - pens now sin's

CHORUS.
chid - ings; The Lord has left the tomb. } glo - ry Has per - fect vic - tory won. } pris - on, And breaks the cap - tive's chain. } Send forth the pro - cla - ma - tion; Light

breaks up - on the grave; Ac - cept the full sal - va - tion; He lives, He lives to save.

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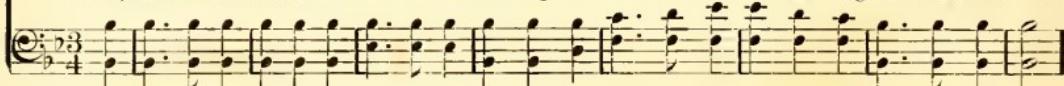
The Beautiful River.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKABE.



1. The beau-ti-ful riv-er, the life-giv-ing riv - er, Will flow on e - ter-nal when worlds cease to move ;
 2. The gladdening plains and the valleys are telling Of glo - ry sur-round-ing the ev - er-green shore ;
 3. Oh, taste of this beau-ti-ful riv - er now flow-ing From out of the soul - sav - ing foun - tain for thee !



Its mur-mur-ings e - cho the praise of the Giv - er, Who sends it to flow from the foun-tain of love.
 Of won-der-ful music, in rich - ness ex-cell-ing, Breathed back by the saints that have safely crossed o'er.
 Its name is sal - va-tion, ou sin - ners be-stow-ing An un - de-serve-d par-don, e - ter - nal and free.



CHO. { O beau - - - ti - ful riv - - - er, In sil - - - - ver - y bed !
 Be - side - - - thy pure wa - - - ters The ran - - - somed are led. : }



{ O beau - ti - ful riv - er, thy wa - ters will ev - er Flow on in their course thro' their sil - ver - y bed , }
 { And all thro' e - ter-ni - ty nothing can sev - er The ransomed in heaven by thy pure wa - ters led. }



WINGROVE.

Arr. by J. H. K.

Hail, My Ever Blessed Jesus.



1. Hail, my ev - er bless-ed Je - sus, On - ly Thee I wish to sing: To my soul Thy name is
 2. Once with Ad - am's race in ru - iu, Un-con-cerned in sin I lay, Swift de - struc - tion still pur-
 3. Sing, ye bright an - gel - ic choir, Praise the Lamb enthroned above, While as-ton - ished, I ad-



pre - cious, Thou my Prophet, Priest and King. Oh, what mer - cy flows from heav - en! Oh, what
 su - ing. Till my Sa - viour passed this way. Wit-ness, all ye hosts of heav - en, My Re-
 mire God's free grace and boudless love. That blest mo - ment I re-ceived Him, Filled my



joy and hap - pi - ness! Love I much? I've much for-giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!
 deem-er's ten - der - ness; Love I much? I've much for-giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!
 soul with joy and peace; Love I much? I've much for-giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!

*From the "Gregorian."*

Tell it Out Among the Nations!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

E. D. KECK.



1. Tell it out among the na-tions that the Lord is King! Tell it out! . . . Tell it out! Tell it
 2. Tell it out among the peo-ple that the Sa-viour reigns; Tell it out! . . . Tell it out! Tell it
 3. Tell it out among the peo-ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove; Tell it out! . . . Tell it out! Tell it



Tell it out! Tell it out!



out among the ua-tions, bid them shout and sing; Tell it out! . . . Tell it out!
 out among the heathen, bid them break their chains; Tell it out! . . . Tell it out!
 out among the na-tions that His reign is love; Tell it out! . . . Tell it out!



Tell it out! Tell it out!



Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that He shall in-crease,
 Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the weeping ones that Je - sus lives;
 Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the highways and the lanes at home,



Tell it out!

Tell it out!

Tell it Out Among the Nations!—Concluded.

65



That the mighty King of Glo - ry is the King of Peace; Tell it out! . . . Tell it out!
 Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives; Tell it out! . . . Tell it out!
 That the wea - ry, heav-y lad-en need no long - er roam; Tell it out! . . . Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

From All that Dwell Below the Skies.

(PARK STREET. L. M.)



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re-deem'er's
2. E - ter-nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord, E - ter-nal truth at - tends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from
3. Your loft-y themes, ye mor-tals, bring, In songs of praise di - viue - ly sing; The great sal - va - tion

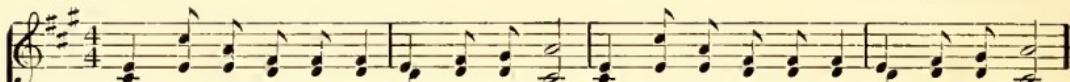


name be sung Thro' every land, by eve - ry tongue, Thro' every land, by eve - ry tongue.
 shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 loud pro - claim, And shout for joy the Sa - viour's name, And shout for joy the Sa - viour's name.

The Holy War.

J. H. K.

J. H. KUZENKNABE.



1. Ho! gal-lant vol-un-teer, Quick-ly a - rise: Lo! Sa-tan's hosts ap-pear With bat-tle cries.
 2. Aim well thy weapon's thrust, Truth be thy steel; Let Sa-tan's min-ion host Thy pow'er feel.
 3. Then, when the bat-tle's won, Ho for the prize! Then, with God's on-ly Son, Thou shalt a - rise;



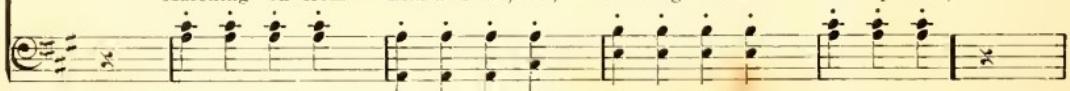
Quick! ere the conflict's lost, Forth at what-ev-er cost; Be this thy war-rior boast, Vic-t'ry is mine.
 Go! valiant soldier, go! Strike with a dead-ly blow; Let ev-'ry foe-man know Thy trust-y steel.
 Then, when from duty free, Thou shalt vic-to-riously With thy great Cap-tain be In par-a-dise.



CHO.—Marching on, near and far, Marching on for the war; Marching



Marching on from near and far; Yes, marching for the ho-ly war;



The Holy War.—Concluded.

67

en. arm -ies rise, Marching on for the prize.
 March - ing on, see ar - mies rise, Still march - ing on - ward for the prize.

Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

NEWTON.

Arr. by J. H. K.

1. { Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God; } On the Rock of A-ges
 He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. }
 2. { See the streams of liv - ing wa - ters Springing from e - ter-nal love; } Who can faint while such a
 We'll sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move, }
 3. { Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire ap-pear, } Thus de - riv-ing from their
 For a glo - ry and a cov'r-ing, Showing that the Lord is near; }

founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 riv'er Ev-er flows their thirst t' assuage—Grace which, like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age?
 banner Light by night and shade by day, Safe they feed up - on the manna Which He gives them when they pray.

From the German.

No Shelter but in Christ.

JAMES L. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWEENEY. By per.

1. There is no shel - ter for the soul On earth, in heav'n a-bove, No shelter but in Christ the Lord, No
 2. There is no shel - ter from the storm That frowns above our head, But in the Lamb of Cal-va - ry, Whose
 3. There is no ref - uge but in Christ, Tho' we the world should gain; The soul without His grace is lost; All

CHORUS.

ref - uge but His love, } blood for all was shed. } Then fly to the ark where the weary dove Came back to the place of rest;
 oth - er hope is vain. } O fly

a tempo.

O fly to the arms, . . . to the shel-ter-ing arms, . . . Of the Sa - viour that loves thee best!
 O fly to the arms, to the shel-ter-ing arms,

Sweetest Praises We Will Sing.

69

Rev. E. P. PARKER, D. D.

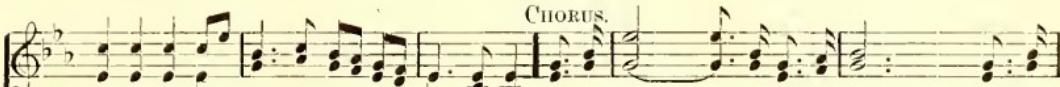
FRANK M. DAVIS.



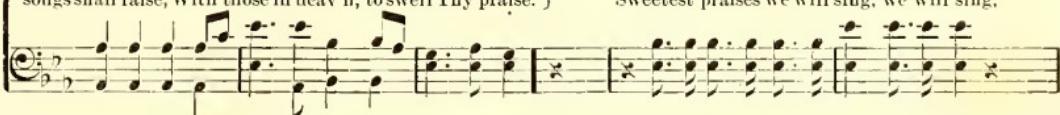
1. O Father blest! E - ter-nal King! With grateful hearts Thy praise we sing, Whose glorious power the
2. Thee, too, we sing, E - ter - nal Son, Who hast for men sal - va - tion won! Thy con-stant pres-en-cy,
3. Thou Holy Spir - it, Fount of Love! Pour out Thy bless-ings from a - bove; Dwell in our souls, de-
4. O Triune God in whom we live! All praise and hon - or Thee we give; The Church on earth her



CHORUS.



world upholds, Whose boundless love the world enfolds. Sweetest prais - - es we will sing To our
Lord, bestow, To cheer Thy struggling Church below. }
lightful Guest! Prepare our hearts and in them rest. }
song shall raise, With those in heav'n, to swell Thy praise. } Sweetest praises we will sing, we will sing,



Fa - - - - ther, Lord and King; Be to Him our love and praise, Who has blessed us all our days.
To our Father, Lord and King, Lord and King; Be to Him our love and praise, love and praise,



Call to the Work.

H. L. F.

H. L. FRISBIE.



1. When the Lord of the vine-yard is call - ing For your help when there's work to be done,
 2. Are you will - ing to go with - out know - ing What re - ward there will be for your pain,
 3. There's no place for the i - dle; the har - vest In the heat of the day must be won,



CHORUS.



Are you read - y to go at His bid - ding, And to toil till the set of the sun? Will you
 Leav - ing all in the hands of the Mas - ter Till He comes to His vine-yard a - gain? Will you
 For the Lord of the vine - yard will on - ly To the faith-ful ones say, "Tis well done." Will you



cheer-ful-ly la - bor in the vine - - - - yard? Will you work for the promised re - ward? If the
 la - - - - bor in the vineyard of the Lord For the prom - ised re - - ward?



Call to the Work.—Concluded.

71

hours be few or man-y, Will you earu the toil - er's pen-ny By your la-hor in the vineyard of the Lord?
In the vine - yard of the Lord?

There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.

(FOUNTAIN. C. M.)

L. MASON.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins, And
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day, And
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply, Re-
4. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing His power to save, When

sin - ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave.

What a Rapturous Sight!

L. W. SMITH.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When the jew - els of earth shall be gath - ered, They with glo - ry ef - ful - gent shall shine,
 2. What a host there will be of the saved ones! Like the stars of the night, we are told,
 3. They are those who have fol - lowed the Sa - viour, Out of ev - e - ry na - tion and tribe,
 4. "Thou art wor - thy, O Christ," they are sing - ing, "Who hath died, all our race to re - deem."



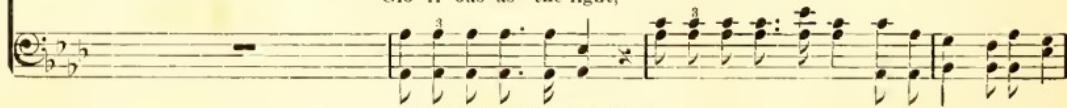
As they come to the gates of that eit - y, Sweep-ing in through its por - tals di - vine.
 As they march in their strength and their grand-eur, Thro' the bright, shin-ing streets of pure gold.
 Who have come thro' a great trib - u - la - tion; Prais - es loud they to Je - sus as - cribe.
 "Hal - le - lu - jah!" the grand swelling cho - rus, And His love ev - er - last - ing their theme.



CHORUS.



Glo - ri - ous as the light of the king - - - dom, Glorions as the bright, as the bright rising sun.
 Glo - ri - ous as the light,



What a Rapturous Sight!—Concluded.

73

A musical score for two voices and piano. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music consists of two staves of six measures each, followed by a repeat sign and another section of six measures. The lyrics are: "O what a rapt'rous sight, In that heavenly home so bright! As glorious as the light of the king-dom."

O what a rapt'rous sight, In that heavenly home so bright! As glorious as the light of the king-dom.

Jesus, my Saviour dear.

E. R. LATTA.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

A musical score for two voices and piano. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music consists of two staves of six measures each, followed by a repeat sign and another section of six measures. The lyrics are: "1. Je - sus, my Sa - viour dear, Thy lov-ing voice I hear In - vit-ing me; And from my 2. Thou hast en - treat - ed long, To woo my soul from wrong, My sins to blot; And now my 3. How couldst Thou suf - fer so, To save my soul from woe, To make me Thine? Help me, blest 4. O lis - ten to my cry! Thy pre-cious blood ap - ply, I now im - plore. My heart, blest

wan - der-ings 'Mid earth's em - bit - tered springs, My trembling heart now clings, Dear Lord, to Thee. will - ing heart Would fain from sin de-part; My on - ly help Thou art; For - sake me not. Lamb, I pray, To cast my doubts a-way, And to be Thine to - day, And call Thee mine. Sa - viour, take, And there Thy dwell-ing make, And there Thy dwell-ing make, For ev - er - more.

A continuation of the musical score for two voices and piano. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music consists of two staves of six measures each, followed by a repeat sign and another section of six measures.

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Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.

MAY CLIFTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Boundless, deep un-measured love! Let the sonl - iu - spir-ing
 2. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus! Reu - der hear - ty thanks and praise; While He gives us life and
 3. An - gel lips will join our an - them, Thro' the sky the sound prolong; Heavenly hosts take up the
 4. Power and might, and bliss e - ter - nal, Now and ev - er-more shall be Un - to Him who loved and

CHORUS.

echo - rus Ring thro' all the eourts a-bove.
 be - ing Praise Hui on thro' endless days.
 echo - rus, And with rap-ture swell the song.
 saved us With a love so full and free.

Sing, O siug . . . the love of Je - - - - sus!
 the love of Jesus! Sing, O sing the love of Je-sus!

Heaven and earth . . . re-peat the strain; Sing, O sing . . . till eve - ry
 repeat the strain, Heaven and earth repeat the strain; till eve - ry na-tion, Sing, O

ua - - - - - tion Ech-oes on the sweet re - frai!
 sing till eve - ry na - tion the sweet re-fain! Ech - oes on the sweet re-fain.

Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY.

(TOPLADY. 7s, 6 lines.)

HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful- fill Thy law's demands; Could my zeal no res-pite know,
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death; When I soar to worlds unknown,

From Thy riv - en side which flowed, Be of sin the dou-ble eure; Save me from its guilt and power.
 Could my tears for ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thon a-lone.
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee,

Nearer Home.

ALICE CAREY.

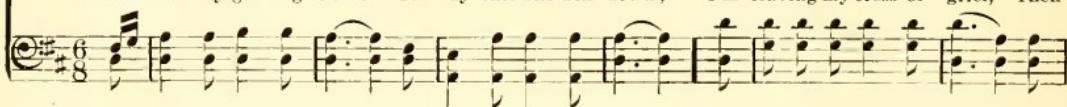
With expression.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. One sweet-ly sol-emn tbought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 2. I'm near my Fa-ther's house Where ma - ny man-sions be;
 3. I'm near my go - ing home To lay this bur-den down;

I'm near-er my home to - day Than
 I'm near-er His throne to-day, I'm
 I'm leaving my cross of grief, Then



CHORUS.



ev - er I've been be - fore. } I'm near - - er my home, My beau - ti-ful home;
 near-er the erys - tal sea. } wearing my star - ry crown. I'm nearer my home, my beautiful home, I'm nearer my home, my beautiful home;



I'm near-er my home in heaven to-day Than ev - er I've been be - fore. Interlude.
 I'm near-er my home to - day . . . Than ev - er I've been be - fore.



The Closed Door.

77

EBEN E. REXFORD.

W. E. PENN.



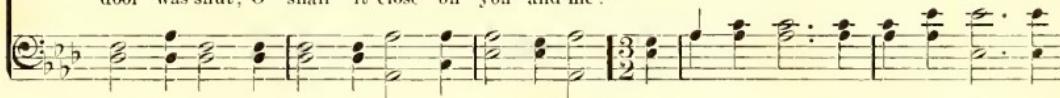
1. "Be - hold the Bridegroom comes," 'twas said, "But soon or late we can - not tell; With - in the marriage
2. Some heard the call and heed - ed not, But laughed the warning voice to scorn, And in their fool - ish
3. 'Twas midnight when the cry was heard, "Behold the Bridegroom is 'at hand!'" With deep remorse their
4. "O wait one moment—one!" they plead; "We thought not that you were so nigh." "Too late, too late," the
5. "O let us in!" they plead-ed, but The Bridegroom heeded not their plea; The marriage chamber



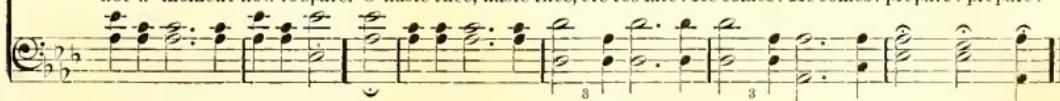
CHORUS.



feast is spread; If ye are read - y, all is well." }
 joys for-got The Bridegroom and the marriage morn. }
 hearts were stirred, And there was weeping in the land. }
 Bridegroom said, And then the mar-riage train went by. }
 door was shut; O shall it close on you and me?



not a moment now to spare. O haste thee, haste thee, ere too late! He comes! He comes! prepare! prepare!



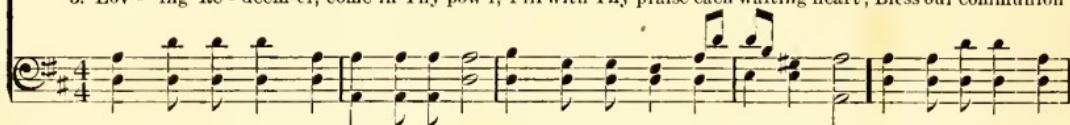
Showers of Blessing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



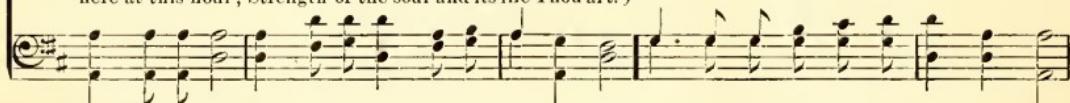
1. Lord, we be-seech Thee, come in Thy love, While at Thy throne once more we meet; Here may Thy Spirit
 2. O bless-ed Saviour, here while we plead, Help us in faith more strong to be! More of Thy presence
 3. Lov-ing Re-deem-er, come in Thy pow'r, Fill with Thy praise each waiting heart; Bless our communion



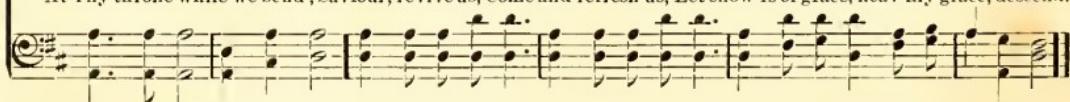
CHORUS.



rest like a dove, Covered with light from the mer-ey seat.)
 dai-ly we need; O that our souls may be one with Thee! Show'rs of blessing, let them now de-scent,
 here at this hour; Strength of the soul and its life Thou art.



At Thy throne while we bend; Saviour, revive us, Come and refresh us, Let show'rs of grace, heav'nly grace, descend.



Home at Last.

79

Selected.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



1. Hear them shouting as they land: "Home at last! home at last!" Pilgrims on the far-ther
 2. Hear the sing - ing in that land: "Home at last! home at last!" Pilgrims, with the an - gel-
 3. Saint-ed ones are o - ver there, "Home at last! home at last!" Where the Sa-viour's love they



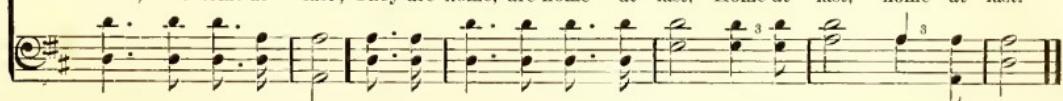
CHORUS.



strand, Home at last, home at last. } Home at last, home at last, They are
 band, Home at last, home at last. } Home at last, home at last,
 share, Home at last, home at last. }



home, are home at last; They are home, are home at last. Home at last, home at last.



Children's Day.

IDA L. REED.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



1. Once more the chil - dren's Sabbath day In beau - ty dawns o'er land and sea; The earth ap - pears in
 2. Mel - o - dious are the songs that rise To - day up - on the balm-y air; In - to the bright blue
 3. O fair, sweet day! we welcome thee; Thine hours are filled with joy and light, With myriad blos - soms,



bright ar - ray, While voi - ces ring with mu - sic free; With - in God's tem - ple far and near, O'er
 sum - mer skies Floats grandly up the cho - rus clear; From eve - ry field and glen and hill Ring
 per - fume free, And glad young fa - ces sweet and bright. O may thy mem - ory live for aye With -



all the land, to - geth - er meet The chil - dren who to Christ are dear, To sing His praise with voices sweet.
 out the wild bird's merry lays; Their mel - o - dies with glad - ness fill Each heart up - on this day of days.
 in each tender child - like heart, The teachings of this gladsome day From out their young lives ne'er depart!



CHORUS.

They come, they come with songs of love; Their willing hands glad offerings bring
 They come, they come
 Their willing
 Un - to the Lord who reigns a - bove, And sweet - ly they His prais - es sing.

My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

HEATH.

(LABAN. S. M.)

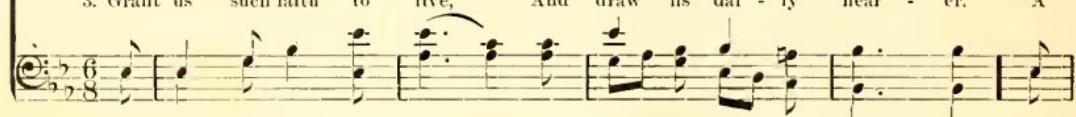
MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard ; Ten thousand foes arise ; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.
2. O' watch, and fight, and pray ; The battle ne'er give o'er ; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.
3. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God ; He'll take thee, at thy parting breath, To His divine abode.

In Faith.

Rev. N. J. SQUIRES.

W. H. PONTIUS.



Joy Our Strength.

83

E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.



1. Cre - ate within me, O Lord, A heart that's pure and clean; Re - store unto me the joy Of
 2. O Lord, the fruit of Thy Spir - it Is love and joy and peace. We pray Thee, fill us, dear Saviour, And
 3. Yes, Lord, in Thee we'll rejoice, For Thou hast made us free. We'll tell Thy love and Thy mercy, And
 4. Oh, why should Christians be murmur'ring, With such a promise rare, That if to Christ we are faithful, A



CHORUS.

Thy sal - va - tion se - rene, } joy of the Lord, joy of the Lord,
 all these grac - es in - crease. } The joy of the Lord
 sinners con - vert - ed shall be, } joy of the Lord, joy of the Lord,
 crown of life we shall wear? }



Is our strength to-day; Then sing and shout, giving glo - ry, As homeward we march on our way.
 glo - ry to God,



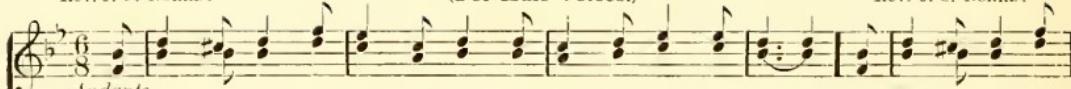
E. F. Miller. By permission.

Jesus Died.

Rev. J. S. NORRIS.

(For Male Voices.)

Rev. J. S. NORRIS.



1. From cen - tral throne of daz - zling white The lov - ing Sa - vion came; In this sad world of
 2. Up - on the cross the Sa - viour died In aw - ful ag - o - ny; From His pierced form a
 3. He rose tri - um - phant from the grave, And ev - er lives a - bove; He waits from eve - ry
 4. O heark - eu to His lov - ing call, "Come un - to me and rest!" He died on Cal - va



CHORUS



deep - est night He bore our sin and shame. Je - sus died for me
 crim - son tide Flowed out for you and me. Je - sus, Je - sus died on the tree:
 sin to save, And per - fect us in love. Je - sus, Je - sus died on the tree:
 ry for all; Through Him ye may be blest. Je - sus, Je - sus died on the tree:



Died on Cal - va - ry; Je - sus died, Je - sus died, Died for you and me.
 Died, He died for you and for me;



More Like Thee.

85

FRANK M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. More like Thee, O Sa-viour! let me be, More like Thee from day to day; Nev - er
 2. More like Thee, O Sa-viour! let me be, Pure with - out and pure with - in; Keep me
 3. More like Thee, O Sa-viour! let me be, All my pil - grim jour-ne-y through; Meek and

let me from Thy foot-steps stray; Keep me in Thy per - fect way.
 ev - er from the ways of sin;— I the crown of life would win. } Like Thee, like
 low - ly, ev - er kind and true, Like Thy - self in all I do. } yes, more and more like

Thee, More and more like Thee; Blessed Saviour, let me, day by day, Grow more and more like Thee.
 Thee, like Thee,

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Only a Step.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Hear the sweet voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to me, I am the way!"
 2. On-ly the will to say, "I'll go; Down at His feet my sins I'll throw; Leaving the
 3. Cast-ing your heav-y bur-den down Low at the cross, the world may frown; Yet you shall
 4. O-pen for you the pearl-y gate; Lov'd ones for you now watch and wait. Ter-ri-ble



CHORUS.



lov-ing call o-bey; Come, for He loves you so. }
 world of sin and woe, Je-sus, I come to Thee." }
 wear a glo-ri-ous crown, When He makes up His own. }
 thought! to cry too late, "Je-sus, I come to Thee."



bled for you and died; He's the same lov-ing Sa-viour yet, Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied.



Jesus is Coming Again.

87

D. W. CRIST.

Joyfully.

FINE.

Sing it, ye riv - ers, seas, lakes and foun-tains, Je - sus to earth is coming a - gain.
Bright is the way that once was so drear - y; Je - sus to earth is coming a - gain.
Glad - ly, then, sing His prais - es for ev - er; Je - sus to earth is coming a - gain.

D.S. Shout it a-loud, ye isles of the o - cean, Je - sus to earth is coming a - gain.

CHORUS.

Com - ing a-gain; O glo - ri - ous the tid - ings! Let all the earth take up the glad re - frain.

From "Joy and Praise." By per.

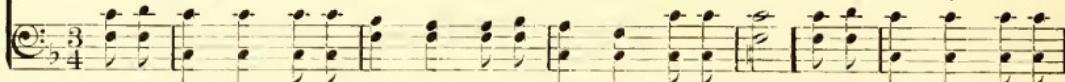
Beautiful Star.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. Je-sus is the star of guid-ance Shining bright up - on our way, Leading ev - er thro' the
 2. When of old the wise men journeyyed Where the lit - tle Christ-child lay, Up in heaven a star so
 3. Bearing gifts of love they fol - low Till they find the Lord of all Cradled low - ly in a



dark - ness Up to realms of end - less day. Hail, O star that shines in splen - dor Thro' the
 won - drous Shone to guide them on their way; And they saw the star of glo - ry, Knew at
 man - ger, And be - fore His feet they fall. Then they wor - ship and a - dore Him, Je - sus



dark - ness of the night! Shin-ing o'er the fields of er - ror, Doubt and gloom will take their flight.
 once this was the sign That to them was born a Sa - viour, Him of roy - al Da-vid's line.
 Christ the In - fant King; Cost - ly gifts of gold and in - cense To His hum - ble throne they bring.



CHORUS.

Bean-ti - ful star, . . . Bean-ti - ful star, . . .

Bean-ti - ful star, . . . Beau-ti - ful star, . . .

Beau-ti - ful star, Beau-ti - ful star, Thy ra-di-ance o'er us is steal-ing;

Beau-ti - ful star, Beau-ti - ful star, To mortals a glo-ry re - veal-ing.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in | heaven, hallowed . . . be Thy | name. | Thy kingdom come. Thy will |

Give us this day our | dai - ly bread, | be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

And lead us not into temp- | tation, but deliver . . . us from | And forgive us our debts, as | we for-give our debtors.

tation, but deliver . . . us from | For Thine is the kingdom, and | the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. A- men.

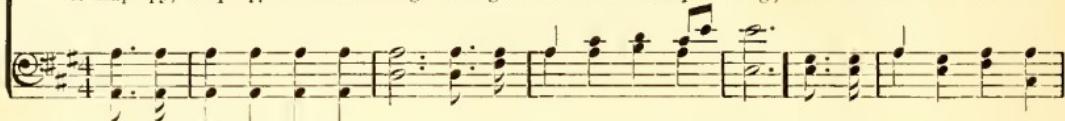
Merry Christmas to You All.

L. H. P.

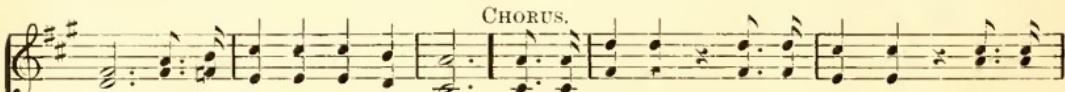
L. H. PARTHEMORE.



1. Mer - ry Christ-mas to you all, To the friends both great and small; Hap-py Christ-mas car - ols
2. Lit - tle girls and lit - tle boys, All a - glow with Christ-mas joys, Now their hap - py voi - ces
3. Hap - py, hap - py Christ-mas song! Young and old the strain pro - long; Waft the cho - rus to the



CHORUS.



bring To the Christ the new-born King.) Mer - ry Christmas, mer - ry Christmas, Mer - ry
 raise, Singing songs of sweet - est praise. } Mer - ry Christmas, mer - ry Christmas, Mer - ry
 sky, Glo - ry be to God most high.)



Christmas ev - ery - where; Mer - ry Christmas, mer - ry Christmas, Ringing through the air.



Merry, Merry Christmas Bells.

91

F. E. PETTINGELL.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Christ is born in Beth - le - hem, Peace to bring and strife to stem; Tell it o - ver
2. Glo - ry be to God on high, Sang the an - gels hov'ring nigh; And the e - cho
3. Down to earth He came to dwell, Christ the King, Im - man - u - el; Tell it out from

CHORUS.

hills and dells, Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas bells.
of their song Bells and voi - ces shall pro - long. } Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells!
shore to shore, Mer - ry, mer - ry bells, once more. }

Hear them strike their tuneful swells, Ringing out in joy - ous mirth, Car-ols of the Saviour's birth.

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F. E. PETTINGELL.

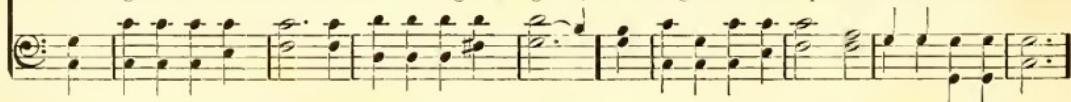
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. O blessed day of days! We hail thy gladsome rays. O day of Je-sus' birth, Of peace, good will to earth!
 2. O blessed day of days! The grateful heart o-beys The call of tuneful bell, And hastens with joy to swell
 3. O blessed day of days! The watchful eye surveys The woes and wants of life, Its contests and its strife,



We praise the Father's love Who sent Him from above Our joys and griefs to share, Our chequered lives to wear.
 The chorus of His praise, The fervent prayer to raise That peace, good will on earth May crown the Saviour's birth.
 And longs to see and know The Christmas light and glow ; On earth good will and peace For evermore increase.



CHORUS.



Then wake the cheerful song; With buoyant step draw near, And join the waiting throng Who in His courts appear.



What is the Message?

93

EMMA PITTS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With animation.

1. What is the message that comes with the morning? "Peace be on earth, and good will toward men." Happy the
2. Joy to the world on this bright festal season; Joy to the world, the Redeemer has come; Sing out His praises in
3. Yon-der in Bethl'em, the land of Ju-de - a, Humble and lowly the Savionr was laid. Greet Him in triumph, O

CHORUS.

hap-py the tid-ings! Sing the sweet message, repeat it a - gain.) Sing the sweet message that comes with the
glad hal-le - ln - jahs, Glo - ry to God, our Re-deem-er has come! [morning,
greet Him in triumph! Dwelling with angels in glo-ry ar-ray'd.) Great is the chorus, the wonderful cho - rus,

I. 2.
"Peace be on earth, and good will to-ward men." :: Sing - ing in heav - en the hap - py re - train.

Christ is Born.

F. E. PETTINGELL

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Christ is born the promised Sa - viour, Heaven with joy-ous mu - sie rings; Christ is
 2. Thongh His in-fant head was cra - dled In a man - ger of the khan, An - gel
 3. Christ is born, O bless - ed sto - ry! A - ges old, yet ev - er new: Christ is

CHORUS.

born, the Lord's anointed, Prince of peace and King of kings. hosts are His attendants, Son of God and Son of man. }
 born, ex - tol, enshrine Him, Give the King His rightful due. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Round the

earth the message send: Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Nev - er shall His king-dom end.

The Children's Carol.

95

F. E. PETTINGELL.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

4/4 time signature, key of G major. Treble clef. Bass clef. The music consists of two staves. The top staff has a soprano vocal line with eighth-note chords. The bottom staff has a basso continuo line with quarter-note chords. The lyrics are as follows:

1. A - bove earth's din and tur - moil The Christ - mas mu - sic rings, And
2. A Babe of low - ly ad - vent, A well - be - lov - ed Son, He
3. A life sub - lime, un - self - ish, A life of love He knew, That

4/4 time signature, key of G major. Treble clef. Bass clef. The music consists of two staves. The top staff has a soprano vocal line with eighth-note chords. The bottom staff has a basso continuo line with quarter-note chords. The lyrics are as follows:

back to heaven's por-tals The au - gel cho - rus wings.
knows the needs of chil-dren, He loves each lit - tie one. } And in that joy - ous cho - ral The
He might be our pat-tern, Might be the children's too.

4/4 time signature, key of G major. Treble clef. Bass clef. The music consists of two staves. The top staff has a soprano vocal line with eighth-note chords. The bottom staff has a basso continuo line with quarter-note chords. The lyrics are as follows:

chil - dren's notes must blend, For Je - sus came to bless them, He is the children's Friend.

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Carol His Natal Day.

F. E. PETTINGELL.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



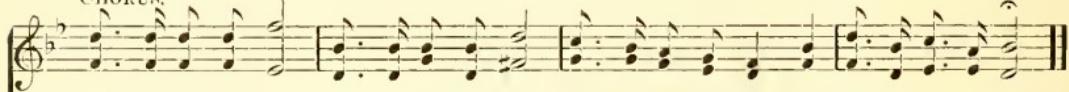
1. On the wilds of Ju - dah Rests the calm of night ; Through its eastern heavens Glows a wondrous light.
 2. 'Neath the wondrous ha - lo East-ern Ma - gi trend, Till at length ex-ult - ant Round His form they bend.
 3. See the na-tions bend - ing By His man-ger now ; See the wise, the might - y, To His sep - tre bow.



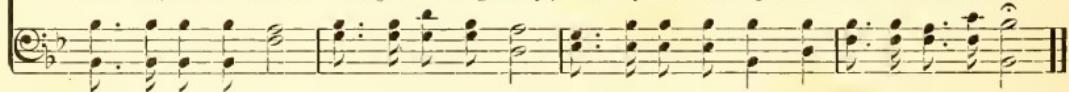
In its low - ly man - ger Doth the mother bide, With the in - fant Je - sus Nest-ling by her side,
 Choic-est gifts they ren - der, High-est hon-ors pay, To the in - fant Je - sus On His na - tal day.
 Hear the an - gel echo - rus Waken earth and sky; Glo - ry in the high - est Be to God on high!



CHORUS.



Glad an-gel - ie choirs Sing in midnight sky; Glo - ry in the high - est Be to God on high!



The Bible.

97

H. J. BETTS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There is a lamp whose stead - y light Can guide the trav - 'er in the night: 'Tis God's own word; its
 2. There is a chart whose tracings show The onward course where tempests blow: 'Tis God's own word; there
 3. There is a tree whose leaves impart Health to the bur-dened, con-trite heart: 'Tis God's own word; it

D.S. Give me this chart for

FINE. CHORUS.

beam - ing ray Can turn a mid-night in - to day, Give . . . me this lamp . . . to
 there is found Di - rec - tions for the homeward bound, cures of sin, And makes the guil - ty conscience clean, Give me this lamp to light my road; Yes,

life's rough sea, These heal - ing leaves, this heal - ing tree.

D.S.

light . . . my road, . . . This store - - house for . . . my dai - - ly food; . . .
 give me this lamp to light my road, This store-house for my dai - ly food, This store-house for my dai-ly food;

I would Sing to You of Jesus.

O. S. G.

O. S. GRINNELL. By per.

1. I would sing to you of Je-sus, And His power so ful-ly save— He who left His throne in
 2. I would sing to you of Je-sus, Of His heavenly love so free, Of His wait-ing to be
 3. I would sing to you of Je-sus, Of His grace so full and free; By this grace we live and

CHORUS.

glo-ry, For our souls a ran-som gave. } Can it be your heart is
 gra-cious, He who died on Cal-va-ry. } Can it be your heart is hardened? Can it
 con-quер, For Christ gives the vic-to-ry.

hardened? Don't you feel His pres-ence nigh, Whisp'ring
 be your heart is hardened? Don't you feel His presence nigh, Don't you feel His presence nigh, Whisp'ring

soft - ly, tell-ing ev - er, That your soul . . . unsaved must die?
 soft-ly, telling ever, Whisp'ring soft-ly, tell-ing ev-er, That your soul unsaved must die, unsaved must die ?

Come unto Me.

(HENLEY. 11. 10.)

1. Come un - to Me when shadows dark- ly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and distressed;
 2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwell-ing, Glad are the homes that sorrows nev - er dim;
 3. There, like an E - den blos-som - ing in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;

Seek - ing for eom - fort from your heavenly Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.
 Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
 Come un - to Me, all ye who droop in sad - ness, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.

We'll Trust in God, and All is Well.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. We know that God is always near, Tho' oft His face may not ap - pear; 'Tis with His own be lov-ed
 2. Sometimes our way seems hedged with thorns; Then how the troubled spirit mourns! We think His face is hid from
 3. Tbough troubled waves dash high and wild, The sea again is calm and mild. What if the break - er's roar we
 4. When sin and shame our hearts oppress, The Comforter is near to bless. We sit and learn at Je-sus'

hand, The Lord may send His chas - tise - ment. So prone to fret at slight-est pain, We do for-
 view When near-est to re - fresh - ing dew; But when the sun of plen - ty shines, And every
 hear, The coast a - gain is bright and clear. The sum-mer winds sweep o'er the plain, The sunshine
 feet The glo - ries of the mer - ey - seat; We pic-ture how the shin-ing band Rejoice in

get He heals a - gain. We won-der why, but cannot tell; We'll trust in God, and all is well.
 eloud shows sil - v'ry lines, Our hearts with ho - ly rapture thrill; We'll trust in God, and all is well.
 fol - lows af - ter rain; O how His mer-ecies all ex - cell! We'll trust in God, and all is well.
 the re - deem-ed land; Then how the songs of tri-nimph swell! We'll trust in God, and all is well.

The Everlasting Arms.

101

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. 'Tis sweet to lie in the lov-ing arms, From sor-row and care set free, To lean my head on the
 2. Those arms of might will not let me fall, No fear shall my heart an-noy; While o'er my head are the
 3. His smile can light-en the dark-est hour, Bright day shall succeed the night; As flow'rs un-fold in the

CHORUS.

Saviour's breast, And know that He cares for me. } wings of love, Well-filled is my cup with joy. } I know not what the fu-ture shall be, But my
 dew - y morn, My soul doth re-joice in light. }

soul shall dread no alarms; I know not what is in store for me, But underneath are the ev - er-last-ing arms.

E. D. K.

E. D. K.



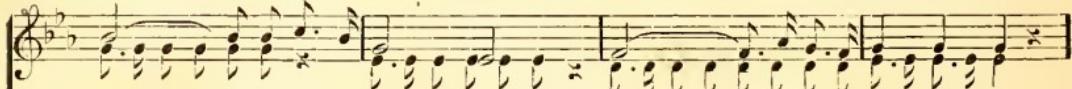
1. When the love of Je - sus Dwelleth in the heart, We, like lov - ing Ma - ry, Choose the bet-ter part;
 2. If the great ex - am - ple Of our Mas-ter dear, Be our aim and mot - to While we lin - ger here,—
 3. Let us strive to fol - low Je - sus all the way, Till we see the morn-ing Of the per-fect day;



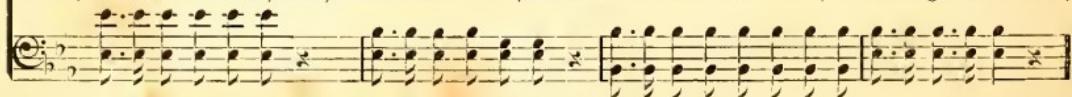
And in love a - bid - ing, Joy - ful on our way, We will jour-ney on - ward To the per - feet day.
 If our lives are sim - ple, Un - de-filed as His, We shall then in heav - en See Him as He is.
 Then as stars for ev - er, Each a spot - less gem, We shall shine e - ter - nal In His di - a - dem.



CHORUS.



Come, . . . thou blessed Sa - viour, Dwell . . . within this heart of mine;
 Come, thou blessed Saviour, Come, thou blessed Saviour, Come and dwell within this heart, this waiting heart of mine;



Then . . . among the ransomed, I . . . in heav'n will shine.
Then among the ransomed, Then among the ransomed, I in heaven will shine, in heaven shine.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Crown Him! crown Him! All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem; Crown Him! crown Him! Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Crown Him! crown Him! Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace; || Crown Him! || Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord
3. Let every kindred, every tribe, Crown Him! crown Him! Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe; Crown Him! crown Him! To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord

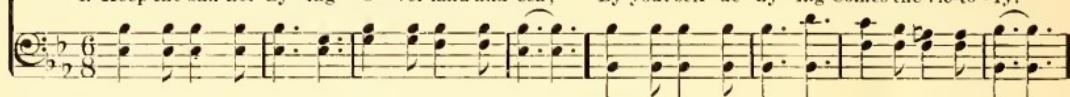
2. CHORUS.
of all. Crown Him, crown Him King of kings and Lord of lords! Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

Keep the Banner Flying.

Rev. RICHARD OSBORNE.

(Dedicated to the Society of Christian Endeavor.)

ROBERT LOWRY. By per.



Un - der con-dem-na - tion, Life will soon be gone; On - ly is sal - va - tion in the sin - less One.
 Ral - ly all your fore-es; See, the Captain's near; Trust to His re-source-es, There is naught to fear.
 Working still for Je - sus, Righting hu-man wrong, Till the an - gels greet us With their welcome song.
 Brighten toil with singing, Bet - ter days will come; To the Sa-viour clinging, You shall rest at home.



CHORUS.



Shout, shout the battle ery, Girt with en - deav-or; Lift, lift the banner high, Now and for ev - er.



Keep the Banner Flying.—Concluded.

105

rit.

Shout, shout the battle ery, Girt with en-deav-or; Lift, lift the banner high, Now and for ev - er.

More Like Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY..

Dr. W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Sa-viour dwell with me; Fill my soul with peace and love,
 2. If He hears the ra - ven's ery, If His ev - er-watchful eye Marks the sparrows when they fall,
 3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day, May I rest me by His side,

D.S. Poor in spir - it would I be—
 Pure in heart I still would be—
 Rich in faith I still would be—

FINE.

Make me gen - tle as a dove, More like Je - sus while I go Pil-grim in this world be-low.
 Sure - ly He will hear my call. He will teach me how to live, All my sin - ful thoughts forgive.
 Where the tranquil wa - ters glide! Born a - gain, thro' grace renewed, By His love my will subdued,

Let my Sa-viour dwell in me.

My Precious Friend.

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.



He gave me, When on the cross He
 for - giv - en; He is my peace and
 un - fail - ing, Whose earn-est plea be-
 sal - va - tion; Let all the blood-washed

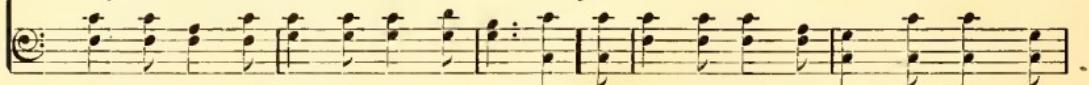


CHORUS.

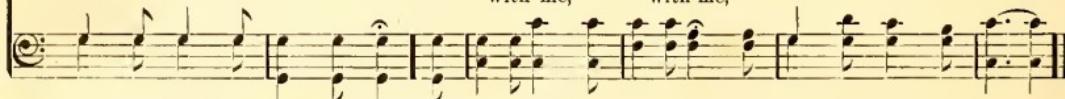


shed His blood To ran - som and to save me.
 right-eous - ness, My hap - pi - ness and heav - en. } O Je - sus, Sa - viour, pre - eious Fried!

before the throne For me is now a - vail - ing.
 bring to Him E - ter - nal ac - cla - ma - tion. }



bide with me un - to the end; With me, with me, A - bide un - to the end.
 with me, with me,



Sabbath Thoughts.

107

Rev. F. J. MALLETT.

W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Lord of beav - en,
 2. Give us, as the
 3. If we in Thy
 4. May Thy name more
- Thee we praise For the gift of Sah - bath days; Fruit-ful may they
 mo - ments fly, Thoughts of Him who reigned on high, Who up - on the
 house ap - pear, May our Sa - vion's presence cheer; Let the man - na
 hal - lowed be, In this land of lih - er - ty; Grant that all may

ev - er be With de - vo - ted work for Thee! On this ho - ly day of Thine
 cross was slain That Thy fa - vor we might gain. Let each sow - er's heart be blest,
 from on high Come to us in rich sup - ply. Should the waves of trou - ble beat
 love this day, And Thy blest com-mand o - bey. Thus when Sab-baths all have fled,

May we feel Thy love divine, Cansing hope and peace to hloom, As we jour-ney toward home.
 Finding la - bor sweetest rest; O may ma - ny heed their call, For Thy grace is free to all!
 Loud and aw - ful at our feet, On Thy Word we would re-ly: "I will guide thee with mine eye."
 And we're nummbered with the dead, In the re - gions of the hlest We shall know e - ter-nal rest.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

E. D. KECK.

1. My Lord is mine from day to day; I walk by Je - sus' side; Although I can - not
 2. Where'er I pitch my wan - d'ring tent, Wherev - er I a - bide, Tho' life be hard, I
 3. The ways that I should fol - low Him He will for me pro - vide; And though the light of
 4. In the pa - vil - ions of His love He doth my spir - it hide; But t'ward the heavenly

CHORUS.

know the way, I al - ways know my Guide. } I know, I know, I
 am con - tent To al - ways know my Guide. }
 joy grow dim, I still can trust my Guide. } I know, I know, I know, I
 gates I move With Je - sus for my Guide. }

know that He is mine; I know, I know I noth - ing need be - side.
 know that He is mine; I know, I know, I know, I know I noth - ing need be - side.

O let Us Live Nearer.

109

MRS. CLARA M. WILSON.

W. H. DOANE.



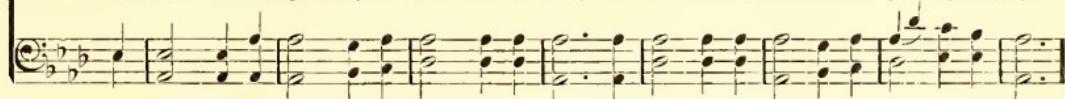
1. O let us live near - er to Je - sus our Lord, And follow more close-ly the light of His word,
 2. Live near - er to Je - sus by watch-ing and pray'r, And helping each oth-er our hur-dens to bear;
 3. To faith adding pa - tience, for-give-ness and love, O live to in - her - it the king-dom a - bove!



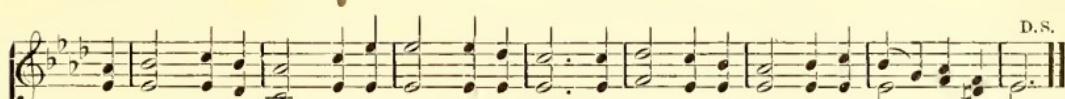
FINE.



Be - liev - ing the prom - ise while here we a - bide, For all that's be - fore ns His grace will provide.
 In kind - ness un-wea - ried, in tem - per se - rene, Let Christian ex - am-ple be con - stant-ly seen,
 And then when our jour-ne-y is end - ed be - low, To Je - sus, our Sa-viour, re - joic-ing we'll go.



d.s. Then trust in the prom - ise He gives [in His word, And dai - ly live near - er to Je - sus our Lord.



D.S.

We know that His hand was our guide in the past, We know He will lead us safe on to the last;
 Our jour-ne-y thro' life be as clear as the sun; Thro' sor - row and tri - al our crown must be won;
 O yes, on the shore we shall rest ev - er - more, And hail Him in glo - ry when sor - row is o'er;



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O Silvery Sea.

FRONIA SMITH.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. O sil-v'ry sea of Gal-i-lee, In east-ern land so fair! In fan-cy
 2. I hear the cry, "Save, Lord, I pray!" From one faint-hearted there, My sinking
 3. The night is dark; I'm on a sea Where waves roll high and wild; I'm lost un-

1. O sil-v'ry sea of Gal-i-lee, In east-ern land so fair!

now I stand by thee And see my Sa-viour there. I see Him
 heart takes up that ery, When storms beat heav-y here, For well I
 less Thou pi-lot me, O Mas-ter strong and mild. Walk to me
 In fan-cy now I stand by thee And see my Sa-viour there.

walk up-on the wave, When billows roll and clouds are dark,
 know His gracious will Can calm life's rough and troubled sea,
 on this troubled sea; Dear Saviour, bid me walk to Thee;
 I see Him walk up-on the wave, When billows roll and clouds are dark,

His trembling ones . . . from death to save,
And to its waves . . . say, "Peace, he still,"
I shall not fail, for Thou wilt save,
His trembling ones from death to save, Tossed help - less in their bark.
As there on Gal - i - lee.
As once on Gal - i - lee.
Tossed help - less in their bark.

Let Them Come to Me.

A. H. ADAMS.

Tenderly.

W. W. BENTLEY.

1. Hear the gentle Shepherd Calling lambs like me, In His sweet-est ac - cents: Let them come to me.
2. He will bid us en - ter; When our tir-ed feet Reach the gold-en ei - ty, He'll be there to greet.
3. Thanks, dear blessed Saviour, For Thy words of love, Bidding children eu - ter Thy bright courts a-bove.

CHORUS.

Let them come to me, Let them come to me; Hear Him sweetly say - ing, Let them come to me.

Angels Surround Thee.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

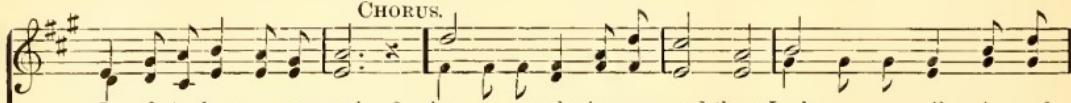
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



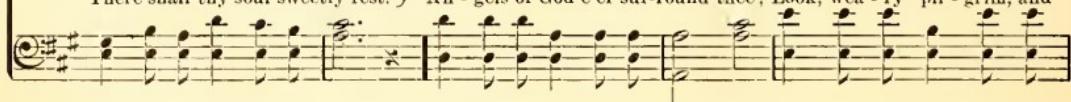
1. Look, pilgrim, wea - ry of sor - row, Be thou not tempted to sin; Look to the bliss - ful to - mor - row,
 2. Look to the heaven that is o'er thee, Mansions prepared up on high; Look to the joy that's be - fore thee,
 3. Look, and forget all thy sad - ness, Lay thou a - side eve - ry eare; Look to the day-dawn of glad - ness,
 4. Look ! soon you'll pass o'er the portal, Soon you will meet with the blest; Look ! soon with blissful immortals,



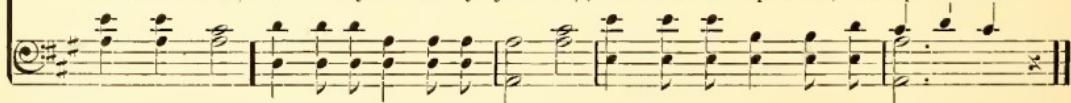
CHORUS.



- See what a home you may win. } An - - gels e'er sur-round thee; Look, pil - grim, and
 Where you forget every sigh. }
 Sorrow can ne'er enter there. }
 There shall thy soul sweetly rest. } An - gels of God e'er sur-round thee; Look, wea - ry pil - grim, and



- faint thou not; Press on - ward thy jour - ney, Look up - ward to God.
 faint thou not; Press on thy heav-en-ly jour - ney, Look ev - er up - ward, look up to God.

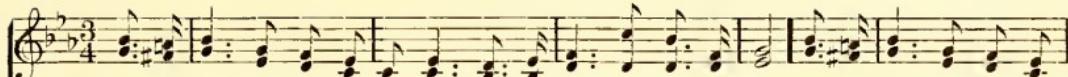


Love and Grace.

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I. I. L.

I. I. LESLIE. By per.



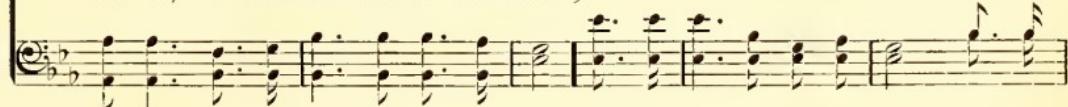
1. Oh! 'twas love that brought me to Him, And 'tis love that keeps me there; By His grace it was I
 2. Dark it was be - fore I found Him, And the way I could not see; Now the light that shines a -
 3. Now it is by faith I view Him, As I walk this nar-row way; But He soon will call me
 4. Then my joy will be for ev - er; There no clouds will in - ter-vene; And the darkness comes there



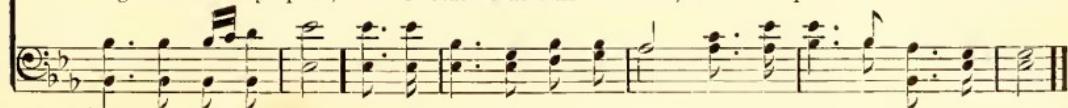
CHORUS.



knew Him, Now my Sa - viour dear and fair. }
 round Him, As I fol - low, falls on me. }
 to Him, In that bright ap - proach-ing day. }
 nev - er;— I shall see Him as I'm seen. } Love and grace—His love and grace— I will



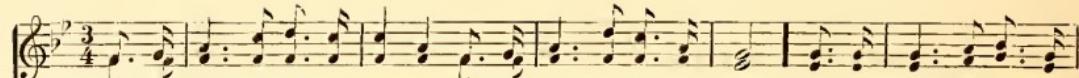
sing in eve - ry place, Till I reach that bliss-ful shore, Where I'll praise Him ev - er - more.



Rise, He calleth Thee.

L. H. JAMISON.

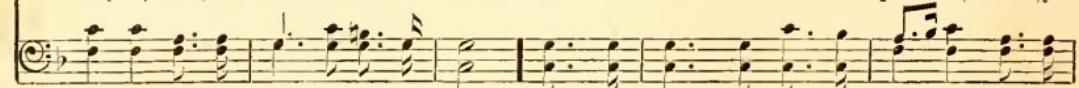
W. H. PONTIUS.



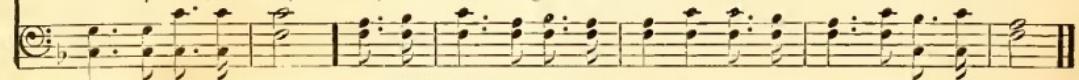
1. Sin - ner, hear the in - vi - ta-tiou; Mer - ey calls thee from a - bove; Come, re - ceive this great sal -
2. On the rng - ged cross-tree, bleeding, Hear the wounded Lamb of God For transgres - sors in - ter -
3. Sin - uer, soon the day of fa - vor Will for - ev - er pass a - way; Has - ten to the lov - ing
4. Come, —the Saviour will receive you; Come, —with all your wauts and wonnds; Come, —from all He will re -



- va - tion Purchased by redeemiug love. Je - sus calls, with sweet com - pas - sion, "Come, ye
ced - ing, While they shed His precious blood. Hear that dy - ing in - ter - ces - sion, Of - fer'd
Saviour, Has - ten while 'tis yet to - day: He will com - fort all thy sor - row, And from
lieve you; Come, —His fa - vor still a - bonnds. Je - sus calls with sweet com - pas - sion, "Come, ye



- wea - ry souls, to Me;" Sin - ner, heed the in - vi - ta - tion, Rise forthwith!—He calleth thee.
ou that bloody tree; He will par - don thy transgressions, Rise forthwith!—He calleth thee.
ev - 'ry burden, free; Wait not for the coming morrow, Rise forthwith!—He calleth thee.
wea - ry souls, to Me;" Come, —re - eeve this great sal - vation; Come, forthwith!—He calleth thee.



We are Guided every Day.

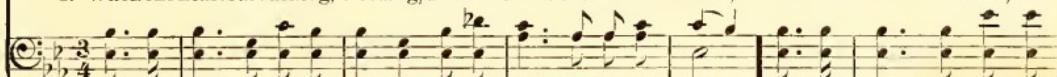
115

ALEXENAH THOMAS.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



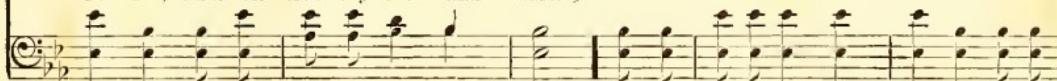
1. By Thy hand, O blessed Saviour, We are guid - ed every day ; And Thy lov - ing eye is
2. If our wayward feet grow wea - ry, As we jomrney through the land, We will trnst in Thee, dear
3. When our hearts are aching, bleeding, From the burdens which we bear, We will look to Thee, dear



REFRAIN.



beam-ing Kind - ly on us all the way. } Walking in the bless - ed pathway, In the
Sa - viour, And be guid-ed by Thy hand. } Je - sus, And will trust Thy love and care.



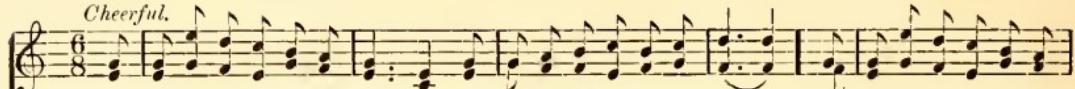
sunshine of Thy love, Oh, how sweet will be the journey To the mansions built a - bove.



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Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

Cheerful.

1. Come join in the praises of Je - sus, He's fair-er than Sharon's sweet rose : 'Twas He tast-ed death to re-
 2. Oh, sweet was the day that He found us, And sweet were the words that He said ! With cords of His love hath he
 3. But sweeter the rapture to greet Him, When clad in that vesture of light ; Caught up in the air, we shall



CHORUS.



lease us, 'Tis He that has vanquished our foes. } bound us, And life giv-en us from the dead. } meet Him, Nor go ev-er-more from His sight. } Oh, come join with us in His prais-es ! His



love while in song we proclaim ; The rapture within us He rais-es, May all find a-like in His name.



Precious Jesus.

117

O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Precious Je - sus, O to love Thee!—O to know that Thou art mine! Je - sus, all my heart I
 2. Take my warm - est, best af - fec - tion, Take my mem - 'ry, mind and will; Then with all Thy loving
 3. Bold I touch Thy sa - cred gar - ments, Fear-less stretch my ea - ger hand: Vir - tue, like a healing
 4. O how pre - cious, dear Re-deem - er, Is the love, the life di - vine! I am saved, the word is

CHORUS.

give Thee, If Thou wilt but make me Thine.
 Spir - it, All my emp - tied na - ture fill.
 foun - tain, Free - ly flows at love's command. } Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-
 spok - en; I am Christ's, and He is mine. } precious Je - sus, Thou art

all iu all to me. Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-
 cious Je - sus, Tbou art all in all to me.

Where may I Find Him ?

C. REUSS.

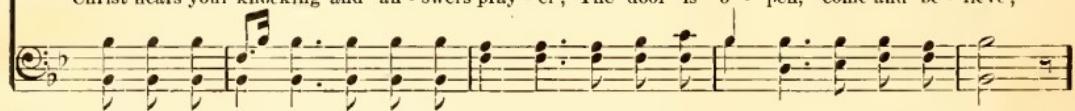
E. GEBHARDT.



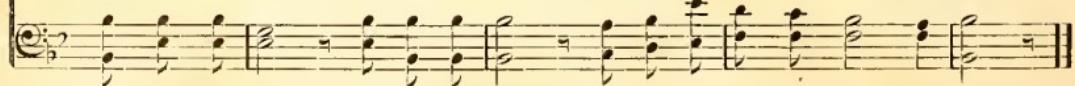
1. For peace I'm long - ing, for Christ I'm seek - ing; Oh, who will tell me where they do dwell?
 2. If you would find Him, that precious Sa - viour, You must de - sire Him with all your heart.
 3. For he that seek-eth most sure - ly find - eth, And he who ask - eth shall yet re - ceive.



With Je - sus on - ly peace is se - cur - éd; My soul hath found Him, and all is well;
 En - ter your clos - et and pray in se - cret, And He will an - swer and peace im - part;
 Christ hears your knocking and an - swers pray - er; The door is o - pen, come and be - lieve;



And Je - sus will a - bide with me, And Je - sus will a - bide with me.
 And Christ him - self will come to you, And Christ himself will come to you.
 And all with - in is joy and peace, And all with - in is joy and peace.



Anniversary Hymn.

119

FANNY CROSBY.

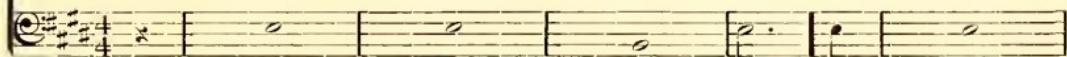
DUET.



1. Dear Saviour, from Thy throne a-bove, Where countless children how,
2. Thy mer - ey led us through the year That sweetly passed a - way,
3. O may we learn in ear - ly youth Thy ho - ly Word to prize,
4. O hap - py thought ! if faithful here, We work and watch and pray;

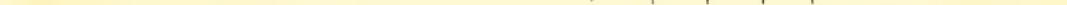
WARREN W. BENTLEY.

O let Thy lov - ing
And through Thy grace we
The lamp that guides our
We'll spend with Thee in



CHORUS.

eye be - hold And bless us children now!
gath-er here To hail our fes - tal day.
feet to heaven, Our home be-yond the skies! } Our hearts in tune - ful num - bers wake, Our
heaven at last, An end - less hap - py day.



tongues with rap - ture sing All glo - ry, bon - or, praise to Thee, Re-deem - er, Lord and King.

Blessed River.

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D.

Cheerfully.

WM. W. BENTLEY. By per.



2. Stream, full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace, No harps by Thee hang
 3. Riv - er of God I greet Thee, Not now a - far, but near; My soul to Thy still



CHORUS.



si - lent, Nor hap - py voi - ces cease. }
 wa - ters, Hastes in its thirstings here. } Bless - ed Riv - er, let me ev - er



Feast my soul on Thee, Bless - ed Riv - er, let me ev - er Feast my soul on Thee.



Come unto Me.

121

Rev. R. M. OFFORD.

ROBERT LOWRY. By per.

1. "Come un - to me;" O pre - cious words I hear the Sa - viour say - ing! He
 2. "Come nn - to me;" O gra - cious words, Such ten - der love dis - play - ing! Dear
 3. "Come nn - to me;" O cheer - ing words That end my sore dis - may - ing! Lord,
 4. "Come un - to me;" O wel - come words, All fear and ter - ror stay - ing! Thy

calls the wea - ry ones to rest, He calls the toil - worn and oppressed,
 Lord, I come no mer - it's mine,— I come to trust Thy love di - vine,
 I be - lieve; I can - not doubt; Thou wilt in no wise cast him out
 blood can cleanse each stain of sin, Thy grace can give me peace with - in;

He calls the lost and stray - ing, He calls the lost and stray - ing.
 I come Thy call o - bey - ing, I come Thy call o - bey - ing.
 Who comes for mer - ey pray - ing, Who comes for mer - ey pray - ing.
 I come, no more de - lay - ing, I come, no more de - lay - ing.

I am Happy all the Day.

I. N. McHose.

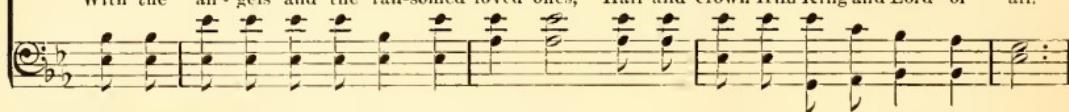
I. N. McHose.



1. I am cleansed within that won-drous foun-tain Which is flow-ing from my Sa-viour's side.
 2. O how sweet-ly He doth lead me on-ward In the pleas-ant paths of love and peace!
 3. I will rest my hope and all on Je-sus, For my Sa-viour ev-er cares for me;
 4. Then all hail the bless-ed name of Je-sus, And a-dor-ing, at His foot-stool fall,



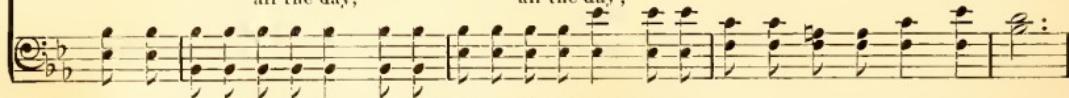
- And I feel the bless-ed Spir-it's Wit-ness, Who shall be my true and faith-ful Guide.
 He has prouised to be al-ways with me, Till my pil-grim-age on earth shall cease.
 I will nev-er doubt His pre-cious prom-ise; In His ser-vi-ce I will faith-ful be.
 With the an-gels and the ransomed loved ones, Hail and crown Him King and Lord of all.



CHORUS.



I am hap-py all the day, I am bap-py all the day; With His pre-cious blood He ransomed me.



I am happy
all the day; I am happy
all the day; For my Sa-viour comes and walks with me,

J. H. K.

Remember Thy Creator Now.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Re-mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor now In the days of thy youth; Re - mem - ber in life's ear - ly dawn, Be -
2. Re-mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor now While affections are pure; In ten - der ae-cents hear Him say, My
3. Re-mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor now; Why yet longer de - lay? Why wait un - til in lat - er years, A -
4. Re-mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor now; Love the Lord evermore; The saints and an - gels wait-ing stand, With

fore the e - vil days come on, Thy ten - der heart may now be won, In the days of thy youth.
 son, give Me thy heart to - day, And nev - er from My pre-cepts stray, Ev-er faith - ful en - dure.
 mid re - gret and bit - ter tears, Thy heart be bound by doubts and fears? Why yet long-er de - lay?
 crown and gold - en harp in hand, To greet thee to the bet - ter land, To the bright ev - er - more.

Rev. T. C. READ.
Moderato.

C. E. ROWLEY. By per

1. O join with the wor - - ship - ping au - gels to sing Of God our Cre-
 2. All na - ture pro - claims - - Him; the out - er - most star That hurries a-
 3. The sea shouts a - loud - - to the cloud-cleav-ing hills, The vales swell the
 4. His breath is the wind, - - and His robe is the light, His voice is the
 1. O join with the wor - ship-ping an - gels to sing Of

a - - - - tor, Pre - serv - er and King! Tran - scend - ent in
 way ou its mis - sion a - far, Chants a - broad, as it
 song with the mu - sie of rills; The earth is His
 thun - der, His shad - ow is night; He rides on the
 God, our Cre - a - tor, Pre - serv - er and King! Tran-

glo - - - ry, in station most high, He dazzles with splen - dor the sun in the sky.
 flies o'er the wondering earth, The praises of God in the song of its birth.
 foot stool, and heaven His throne; God reigneth for ev - - - er, He reigneth a - lone.
 tem - pest, He walks on the sea, Yet feedeth the spar - - - rows, and eareth for me.
 scendent in glo - ry, in station most high, He daz - zles with splen - dor the sun in the sky.

The Nearer I Draw to Jesus.

125

[Written from a touching incident connected with a Christian's life, as related in a sermon by D. L. Moody.]

THEODORE D. C. MILLER.

WM. W. BENTLEY. By per.

1. The near-er I draw to Je - sus, The brighter the sun-beams shine; The darker the clouds of
2. The clos-er I cling to Je - sus, The stronger in love I grow; When eyes have grown dim with
3. The clos-er I read my Bi - ble, And learn of a Sa - viour's love, The brighter the bow of
4. The near-er I draw to Je - sus, The pur - er my earth-life seems, And up in the sky of

sor - row, The soon - er comes light di - vine. The path-way most lone and drear - y Is
weep - ing, The hap - pi - est hours I know; When shad - ows are round my path - way And
prom - ise, The brighter the clouds a - bove; More ea - sy the cross I ear - ry. More
beau - ty The sun - shine of glo - ry beams. In pleas - ure, in pain and sor - row, I'll

oft - en the saf - est way; Far o - ver the rough-est mountains The fair-est of val - leys lay.
sor - row doth most a - bound, I know at the feet of Je - sus The bright side is al - ways found.
charming the nar - row way That leads o'er the sun - less mountains, Where valleys of bless - ings lay.
eling to the Christ so dear, For when at the feet of Je - sus, The bright side is al - ways near.

Per. Wm. A. Loder, New York.

Wondrous Story.

D. H. KOCH.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry Of sal - va - tion full and free, How my Sa - viour left His
 2. Heavenly sto - ry of sal - va - tion! How the Son of God on high Came to earth in rich com-
 3. I will sing this blessed sto - ry, Glad - ly sing it eve - ry-where, Of the Saviour's matchless
 4. I will sing the sto - ry sweet - ly, And when life is sink-ing low, I will trust Him then com-

CHORUS.

glo - ry To re - deem and ran-som me.
 pas - sion, Gave Him-self for us to die.
 glo - ry, And the love His children share.
 plete - ly, For my Sa - viour loves me so. } I will sing the wondrous sto - ry, Though but

young in years I be; Je - sus came from realms of glo - ry To re - deem and rau-som me.

Lo! He Cometh.

127

THOS. O. BLAIR.

J. N. MCLOSE.

1. Lo! He com - eth in the clouds of heaven, An - gel hosts at-tend the King of kings; Rocks are rent and
 2. Earth-ly conquerors, how'er vic-to-ri - ous, Conquered now by Him who rules alone, Yield their crowns to
 3. See the ei - ty of our God descending; Hark ! the voi - ces of the heav'nly throngs; Sin and death and

CHORUS.

graves a - sun - der riv - en, Saints a - rise, and joy His com - ing brings. } Praise Him, praise Him,
 One more great and glo - ri - ous, For the thrones and kingdoms are His own. } Praise Him, praise Him,
 hell no more con-tend-ing, Peace to Zi - on ev - er-more be-longs. }

all ye nations, praise Him; Praise Him, crown Him, crown the King of kings.
 all ye hosts of heaven; (*Omit.*) Praise Him, crown Him, crown the King of kings.

Sing the Glorious Victory.

ALEXENAH THOMAS.

ALEXENAH THOMAS.



1. Ring, ring out, ye belis, for Eas-ter, Ring, ring out a mer - ry chime; Eve - ry heart is full of gladness
 2. King of kings! we love and bless Thee, Death no longer holds his prey; Je - sus res-cued us, His children,
 3. Sing we then of life e - ter - nal, Joys of im - mor - tal - i - ty; Je-sus burst the chains of bondage,



At this joy - ous Eas-ter time. Christ a - rose to ope the por - tals Of His king-dom bright and fair,
 Man is tru - ly blest to - day. See, O see the light of heav-en Streaming from the o - pen door!
 And the soul of man is free. Sing of love so strong and matchless, Lasting through e-ter - ni - ty;



CHORUS.



And to give ns life in - mor - tal, That all men His joy might share. } On this day of all most glorious
 Yes, we know our Lord has giv - en Life and joy for ev - er - more. }
 Ring, ye bells, with notes of gladness, Ring the glorious vic - to - ry. } Ou this day of all most glorious



Chant your joy - ons Eas - ter lay, For our Je - sus reigns vie - to - rious Over earth and heaven for aye.
 Chant your joy - ons Eas - ter lay, For our Je - sus reigns victorius Over earth and heaven for aye.

Lord, Dismiss Us.

W. SHIRLEY.

(SICILIAN HYMN.)

1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each Thy love possessing,
 2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound; May the fruits of Thy salvation
 3. So, wheu - e'er the sig - nal's giv - eu Us from earth to call a - way, Borne on an-gels' wings to heaven,

Triumph in re - deem-ing grace. O re - fresh us! O re - fresh us! Trav'ling through this wilderness,
 In our hearts and lives a-bonnd. May Thy presencee, may Thy presencee With us ev - er - more be found,
 Glad the sum - mons to o - obey, May we read - y, may we read - y, Rise and reign in end - less day.

Glory be to God on High.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

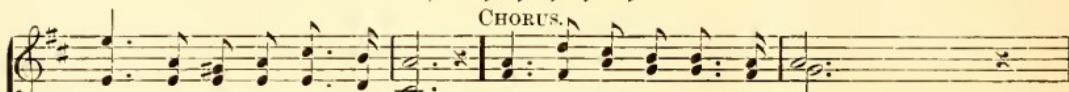
W. J. BALTZELL.



1. Hark! the carols from the sky, Glo - ry be to God on high, Prince of heaven, born on earth!
 2. Blest fulfillment of the word! God His waiting peo - ple heard; Then the Sun of glo - ry shone,
 3. Not as comes the conq'ror down, Not with pomp of earthly crown, But a love - ly lit - tle child,
 4. Centuries now have rolled away Since that sacred Christmas day, But the car - ols ring-ing clear



CHORUS.

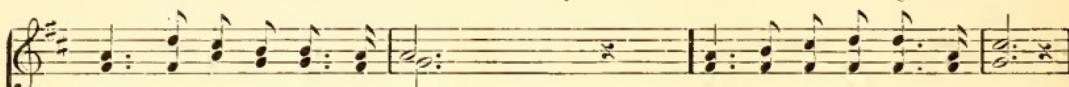
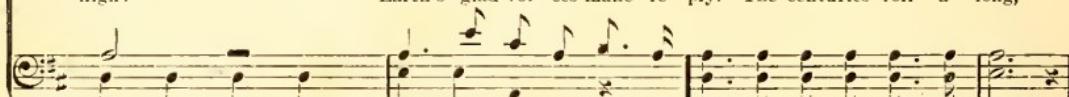


An - gels sing to hail His birth. } Christ came down to save His own. } Gen - tie, ho - ly, meek and mild. } Through the a - ges still we hear. } Glo - ry be to God on high!

Glo - ry be to God on



Glo - ry be to God on high!

Earth's glad voi - ces make re - ply.
high!As the cen-turies roll a - long,
Earth's glad voi - ces make re - ply. The centuries roll a - long,

Earth's glad voi - ces

make re - ply.

Copyrighted, 1891, by J. H. Kurzenkabe.

Still that ho - ly, ho - ly song An - gels sing on high, An - gels sing on high.
rit.

Jesus shall Reign.

(FULDA. L. M.)

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
 2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom - age at His feet,
 3. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less prais - es crown His head.
 4. Peo - ple and realms of eve - ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song,

His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 While west - ern em -pires own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.
 His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With eve - ry morn - ing sae - ri - fice.
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.

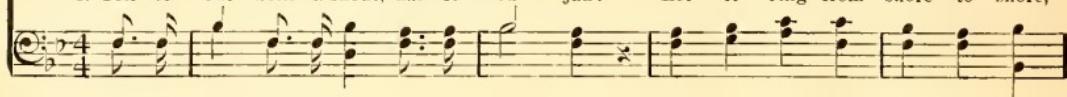
Tell it Out with a Shout.

ALEXENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.



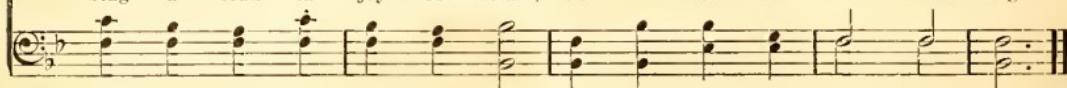
1. Tell it out with a shout, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus Christ is risen to - day!
 2. Tell it out with a shout, hal - le - lu - jah! He hath tri-umphed glo - rious - ly,
 3. Tell it out with a shout, hal - le - lu - jah! Let it ring from shore to shore,



Tell it out with a shout, hal - le - lu - jah! Emp - ty is the tomb for aye.
 Tell it out with a shout, hal - le - lu - jah! Conquered death and set me free.
 Tell it out with a shout, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus lives for ev - er - more!



Sing a - loud in joy - ful strain, Je - sus lives! He lives a - gain.
 Sing a - loud in joy - ful strain, Je - sus lives! He lives a - gain.
 Sing a - loud in joy - ful strain, Je - sus ev - er - more shall reign!



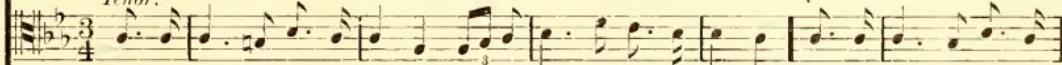
Tell it Out with a Shout.—Concluded.

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DUET.

Alto.

Seal-ed was the tomb that bound Him; It was emp - ty when they found Him; For the i - cy bonds He Go and tell them He is ris - en From the cold and i - cy pris - on; That the cru - el bonds that Be the sto - ry oft re - peat-ed;—High in glo - ry He is seat - ed, Where the saints shall e'er a-

Tenor.*Instrument.*

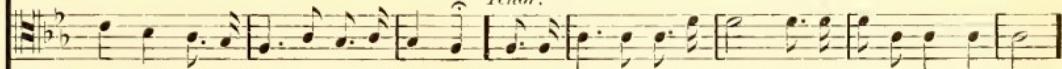
. FULL CHORUS.

*Soprano.*For *Da Capo* sing lines of same stanza.*Alto.*

D.C.



sundered, While the angels looked and wondered, Risen Lord! we cry to Thee, From our fetters set us free, bound Him, Nevermore a-gain may wound Him; That for them the Saviour pleads, With the Father intercedes, dore Him, Cast their fadeless crowns before Him; There, at last, may you and me All His love and glory see,

Tenor.

D.C.

Bass.

H. S. PERKINS.

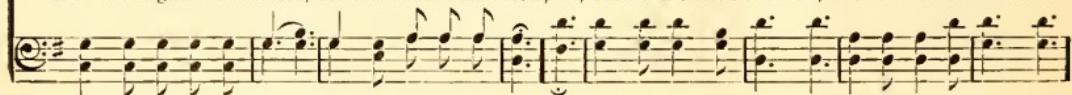
H. S. PERKINS.



1. "Sweetly the birds are singing At Eas-ter dawn; Sweetly the bells are ringing On Eas-ter morn;"
 2. Sweetest of flow'rs were growing A - ges a - go;— Lil-ies for Easter blooming White as the snow;
 3. Je - sus has risen to glo - ry To live and reign; Tell it in song and sto - ry, O - ver a - gain;



And the tidings they bring, Bells, and songsters that sing, Are, Christ the Lord is ris-en, Christ the Lord is ris-en.
 And all na-ture was glad, Not a creature was sad, For Christ the Lord is ris-en, Christ the Lord is ris-en.
 He's the light of the world, See His banner unfurled; So, Christ the Lord is ris-en, Christ the Lord is ris-en.



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men.



Whisper a Message.

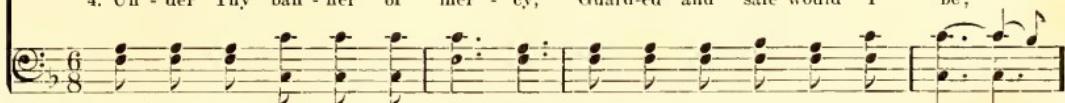
135

MYRA JUDSON.

W. H. DOANE.



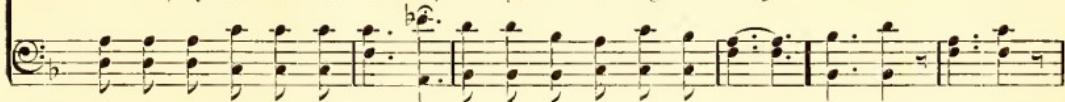
1. Sa - viour, the day is de - clin - ing; O for a mo - ment with Thee!
2. All the day long I have la - bored, Now would I tar - ry with Thee;
3. Soft as the zeph - yr that mur - mured Ten - der - ly o - ver the sea,
4. Un - der Thy ban - ner of mer - ey, Guard-ed and safe would I be;

*rit.*

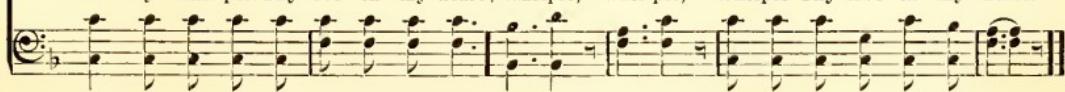
CHORUS.

pp

Come in the hush of the twi - light, Whisper a mes - sage to me.
 Come, for I need Thy re - fresh-ing, Whisper a mes - sage to me.
 Come at this hour of de - vo - tion, Whisper a mes - sage to me.
 Je - sus, my bless - ed Re - deem-er, Whisper a mes - sage to me.



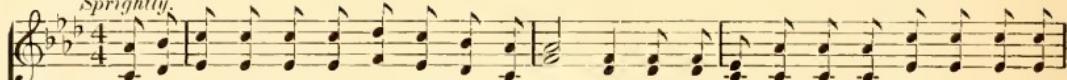
Soft - ly whis-per Thy love in my heart; Whisper, whis-per, Whisper Thy love in my heart.



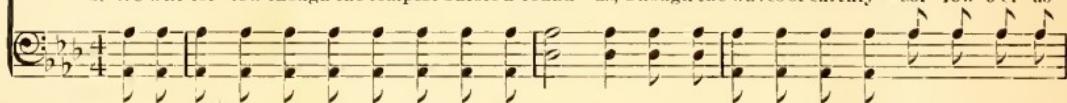
We are Coming.

Anon.

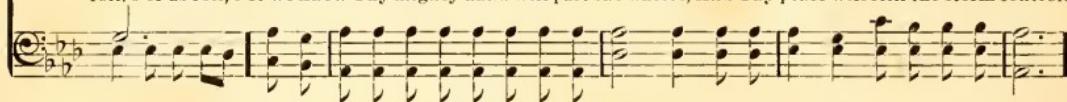
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sprightly.

1. We have heard Thy gentle voice, O lov-ing Sa-viour! We are com-ing, we are com-ing at Thy
2. We will fol-low in Thy footsteps, bless-ed Mas-ter; From Thy paths of love and du-tiy nev-er
3. We will fol-low though the tempest bursts a-round us, Though the waves of earthly sor-row o'er us



call, at Thy call; Take us in Thy mighty arms and help us ev-er; Safe-ly shel-ter, in Thy arms we fall,
stray, never stray; And Thy loving voice shall cheer us as we journey To the land of beauty far a-way.
roll, o'er us roll, For we know Thy mighty hand will part the waters, And Thy peace will still the storm control.



CHORUS.



We are com - - - - ing, we are com - - - - ing, We are
Com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, ~ com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, We are



com-ing, bless-ed Sa-viour, at Thy call; We are com-ing, We are
at Thy call; Coming, coming, coming,

com-ing, We are safe when in Thy might-y arms we fall.
com-ing, com-ing, com-ing,

To-day the Saviour Calls.

(TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.)

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. To - day the Sa-viour calls: Ye wand'lers, come; O ye be-night-ed souls! Why long-er roam?
2. To - day the Sa-viour calls; O lis - ten now! With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Sa-viour calls; For ref -uge fly; The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to His power; O grieve Him not a - way! 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

The Burden Bearer.

I. N. McHOSE.



1. O the bless - ed prom - ise giv - en on the fields of Gal - i - lee, To the
 2. Ma - ny bro - ken con - trite spir - its, ma - ny sor - row - ing and sad, Felt the
 3. Eve - ry phase of hu - man sor - row fills the path we tread to - day; Harps are
 4. In the clouds His rain - bow glit - ters, shines the stars of faith a - bove; God will



wea - ry, heav-y la - den, still 'tis made to you and me; Ma - ny hearts have thrilled to hear it, ma - ny
 mighty con - so - la - tion, heard the wondrous tidings glad; And the dying gazed with rapture, trusting
 hang-ing on the wil-lows, souls are fainting by the way; But there still is balm in Gil-ead, and though
 not for-sake or leave us, let us trust His wondrous love, And be-yond the shin-ing riv - er we shall



tears been wiped a-way, Ma - ny loads of sin been lift - ed, ma - ny midnights turned to day.
 in the Saviour's name, To that land of rest and ref - uge, where the Bur - den Bear - er came.
 here on earth we weep, God with - in the bless - ed man - sions grants His child in joy to reap.
 bless His ho - ly name, That to bear our sins and sor - rows Christ, the Bur - den Bear - er, came.



The Burden Bearer.—Concluded.

139

CHORUS.

When the Bur - - - den Bear - er eame, When the
When the Bur - den Bear - er came, the bless - ed Bur - den Bear - er came, When the

Bur - - - den Bear-er came. And be - yond the shining riv - er we shall
Bur - den Bear - er eame, the blessed Bur-den Bear-er eame. And be - yond the shining riv - er we shall

bless His ho - ly name, That to bear our sins and sor-rows Christ, the Bur - den Bear - er, eame.

Send the Light.

[Written expressly for the Easter Service of Grace M. E. Sunday School, San Francisco, Cal.]

C. H. G.

C. H. G.

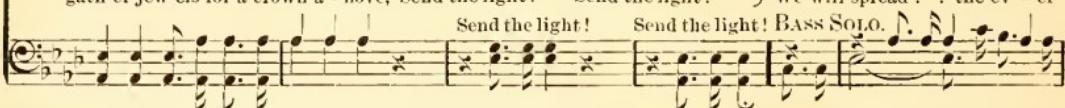


1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light! . . . Send the light!" There are
2. We have heard the Ma- ce- do- nian call to-day, "Send the light! . . . Send the light!" And a
3. Let us pray that grace may everywhere a-bound, Send the light, . . . Send the light! And a
4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love, Send the light, . . . Send the light! Let us

Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS. *The first eight measures (or Bass Solo) may be omitted.*

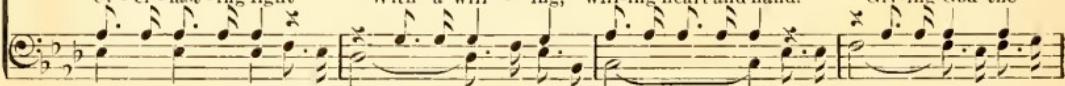
souls to rescue, there are souls to save, Send the light! Send the light! We will spread the
 golden off'ring at the cross we lay, Send the light! Send the light! We will spread the
 Christ-like spirit everywhere he found, Send the light! Send the light! We will spread the
 gath-er jew-els for a crown a - hove, Send the light! Send the light! We will spread . . . the ev - er



Send the light! Send the light! BASS SOLO.



ey - er - last - ing light With a will - ing, will-ing heart and hand. Giv-ing God the



last - ing light With a will - - - ing heart and hand. . . . Giv-ing God . . . the glo-ry

Copyrighted, 1890, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Send the Light.—Concluded.

141

glo - ry ev - er-more, We will fol - low, fol - low His command. Send the light, the blessed
 ev - er - more, We will fol-low His com - mand. Send the light, the

gos - pel light; Let it shine . . . from shore to shore! Send the
 bless- ed gos- pel light; Let it shine from shore to shore!

light! . . . and let its ra - diant beams Light the world for ev - er - more.

Send the light! and let its radiant beams Light the world for ev - er - more.

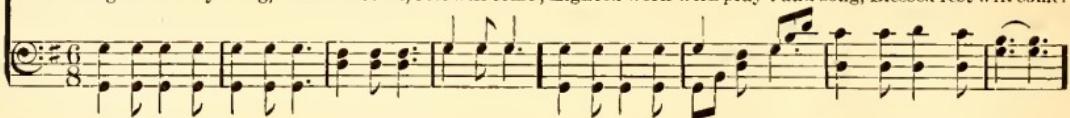
We are Pilgrims of a Day.

ROBERT LOWRY.

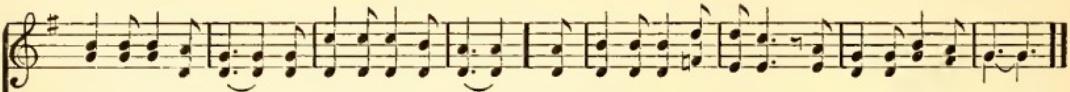
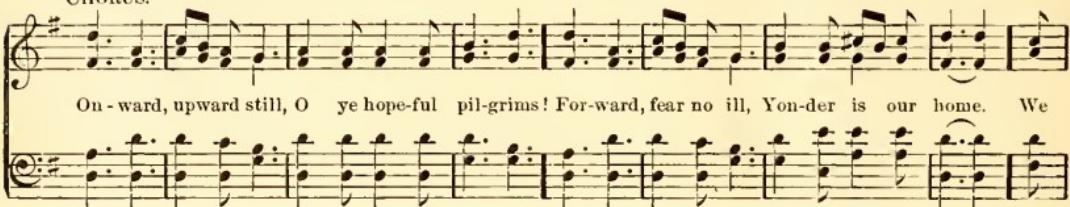
ROBERT LOWRY. By per.



1. We are pilgrims of a day, Homeward hound, homeward bound; Singing on our cheerful way, We are homeward bound.
2. We are happy in the Lord, Trav'ling on, trav'ling on; Trusting in His ho - ly word, We are trav'ling on.
3. Sin and sorrow here below Soon will end, soon will end; In the land to which we go Toil and care will end.
4. Working all the way along, Rest will come, rest will come; Lighten work with pray'r and song, Blessed rest will come.



CHORUS.



journey, hand in hand, To Canaan's happy land; O come, ye friends and neighbors, And join the pilgrim band.



Why stand Ye here Idle?

143

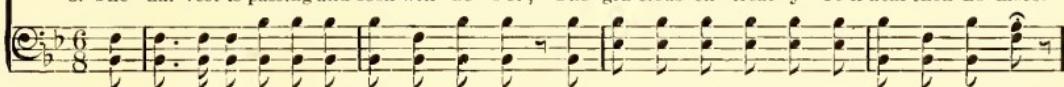
R. P. O.

Earnestly.

R. PORTER ORR.



1. Why stand ye here all the day i - dle, I pray? Go in - to my vine-yard and la - bor to - day;
2. Too much of your time has al-read-y been lost; The world and its plea-sures, ah! dear - ly they cost.
3. The har-vest is passing and soon will be o'er; The gra-cious en - treat - y Ye'll hear then no more.



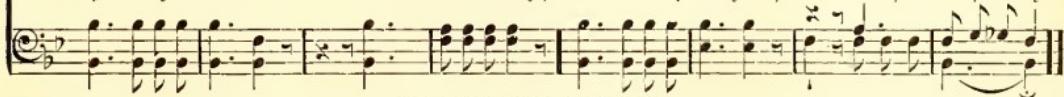
The har-vest is plen-teous but la-b'rers are few, Then haste ye a - way, there's employment for you.
 Why tar - ry ye long - er? Be up and a - way, And that which is right for thy wag - es I'll pay.
 Ah! sad the re-flec - tion on mem'ry en-graved, "The summer is end - ed, and I am not saved."



CHORUS.



Standing i - dle! Go labor to-day; . . . Go into my vineyard; Haste, haste ye a-way. . . .
 Why stand ye here i-dle? Go labor to-day; Go into my vineyard; Haste, haste ye away.



Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

* * *

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all iu Thee I find;

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help froun Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last !
 Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last !

There's Light Around the Cross.

Arranged.

I. N. McHose.

1. The morning light is breaking, Breaking, breaking, The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears.
2. The sons of earth are wak-ing, Wak-ing, wak-ing, The sons of earth are waking To pen-i-tential tears.
3. Each cry to heav-en go - ing, Go - ing, go - ing, Each cry to heaven go - ing Abundant answer brings.
4. And heavenly galesare blowing, Blowing, blowing, And heavenly gales are blowing With peace upon their wings.

Chorus.

There's light around the cross, There's light around the cross, There's light around the cross, O look that way !

Bring the Children to Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

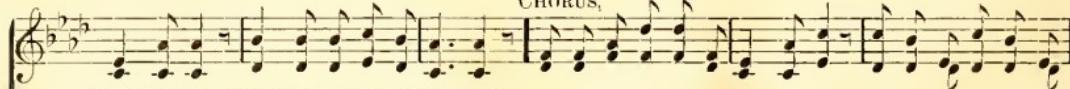


1. Seek-ing the Mas - ter in faith and love, Bring the children to Je-sus;
 2. "Suf-fer the chil-dren," He once did say, Bring the children to Je-sus;
 3. Bring them by teaching and earnest prayer, Bring the children to Je-sus;
 4. Bring them for shelter from worldly harms, Bring the children to Je-sus;
 5. Bring them to ren-der Him sweetest praise, Bring the children to Je-sus;

No oth - er friend like the
 He is the Life and the
 Bring them by lov- ing and
 Safe - ty from sin in the
 Grow-ing in gracie as they



CHORUS,



- Friend a-bove, Bring the children to Je-sus.)
 Truth, the Way, Bring the children to Je-sus.
 faith-ful care, Bring the children to Je-sus.)
 · Saviour's arms, Bring the children to Je-sus.
 grow in days, Bring the children to Je-sus.)

Bring them to Jesus whose grace is free, Bring them to Jesus, His



treas-ures to be; Bring them for time and e - ter - ni - ty, Bring the children to Je - sus.



Is There a Mansion for Me?

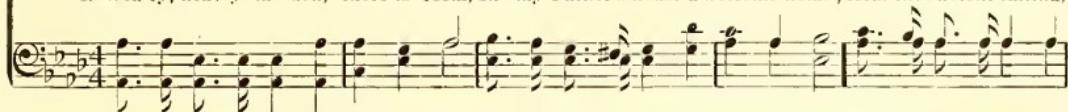
147

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.



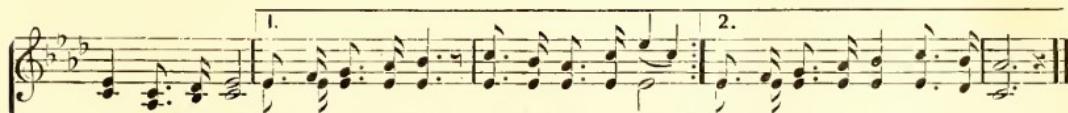
1. In my Fa-ther's house are mansions fair For the sons of earth who gath-er there : Far beyond the reach of
2. When the an-gel reap-ers from on high Gath-er in the sheaves that scattered lie, Who among the number
3. Wea-ry, heav-y la - den, there is room, In my Father's house a welcome home; Hear the Saviour calling,



CHORUS.



pain and care, Is there a man - sion for me? Beau - ti - ful mansion
 then will cry, Is there a man - sion for me? Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful man - sion all
 Sin - ner, come! Yes, there's a man - sion for thee. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful man - sion all



fair, o - ver there, O - ver, o - ver there, o - ver, o - ver there, O - ver, o - ver there, o - ver there.



Rev. E. UNANGST, Gunture, India.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. 'Tis Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones And calls them as His own; He's al - ways with the
 2. Let lit - tle ones sing Je - sus' name—He loves to hear them sing,—And fill His courts with
 3. He loves to be with lit - tle ones, And hear their child-like prayer; And ten-der - ly He
 4. 'Tis Je - sus whom the lit - tle ones May call their lov - ing King; 'Tis He that makes them

CHORUS.

lit - tle ones, They're nev - er left a - lone.) The lov - ing lit - tle ones, The
 joy - ful sound, And make His prais - es ring.)
 takes them up In - to His lov - ing care.) The lov - ing, lov - ing lit - tle ones, The
 an - gels too, His name for aye to sing.)

love - ly lit - tle ones, The bless - ed lit - tle ones, The hap - py lit - tle ones.
 love - ly, love - ly lit - tle ones, The bless - ed, bless-ed lit - tle ones, The hap - py lit - tle ones.

O may Thy Word.

149

V. E. MARSH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O may Thy word, my God, A light be - fore me shine, To guide my feet up -
2. O may Thy word, my God, My com - fort be, and cheer, When friends are false, or
3. O may Thy word, my God, Beam like the gen - the moon Up - on my eyes that

on the way To that blest house of Thine. O may Thy word, my God, My
death shall take From me the loved and dear. O may Thy word, my God, Like
wait - ing look, While shad - ows round me loom. O may Thy word, my God, So

guide and coun - sel be, When tri - als and tempta - tions come, To turn my thoughts to Thee.
light - house on the sea, Show where the cru - el break - ers are, And make a path to Thee,
full of truth and love, Teach eve - ry heart to wor - ship Thee, And look in trust a - bove,

One more Day of Toiling.

Mrs. L. C. PRENTICE.

(CLOSING HYMN.)

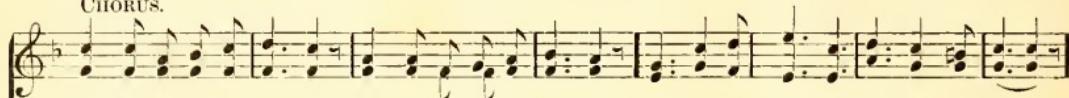
W. H. DOANE.



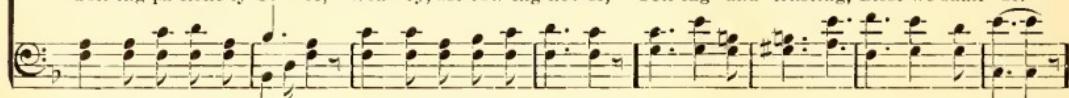
1. One more day of toil - ing In the field a - gain; One more day of reap-ing Sheaves of golden grain.
 2. One more day of toil - ing, Precious souls to win; One more day of con-flict With the hosts of sin.
 3. One more day of toil - ing, In the noon-tide heat; One sweet hour of rest-ing At the mer-ey seat.
 4. One more day of toil - ing, One day near-er home; There the faithful reaper, Crown'd with joy, shall come.



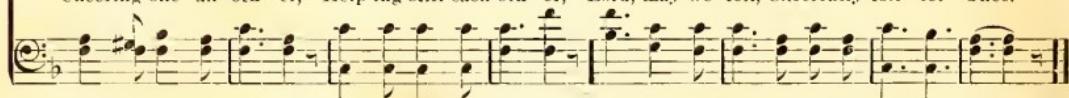
CHORUS.



Toil-ing'pa-tient-ly ev - er, Wea - ry, sor-row-ing nev-er, Toil-ing and trus-ting, Blest we shall be.



Cheering one an-oth - er, Help-ing still each oth - er, Lord, may we toil, Cheerfully toil for Thee.



The Beautiful By-and-by.

151

FRANK M. DAVIS.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. O - ver the riv-er of Jordan we'll meet, In the beau-ti-ful by- and - by;
2. Joy will illumine each step of our way, In the beau-ti-ful by- and - by;
3. Gladly we'll join the sweet strains of the blest, In the beautiful by-and-by;

Loved ones long gone on be-
Darkness will melt in the
Glad-ly we'll en-ter the



fore we shall greet, In the beau-ti-ful by - and - by.
brightness of day, In the beau-ti-ful by - and - by.
heav-en-ly rest, In the beau-ti-ful by - and - by.

Ties of af - fec - tion are bro - ken no more,
Yes, far a - way in the ci - ty of gold,
Far from the shad-ows that dark - en this land,



Life is a treasure sublime on the shore, Angelic bands wait to welcome ns o'er, In the beautiful by-and-by.
Towering with pleasures to mortals untold, We shall the face of our Saviour behold, In the beautiful by-and-by.
We shall be one of a glorified band, Led by the Father's own bountiful hand, In the beautiful by-and-by.



A Song of Joy.

H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. The sweet-est song my heart e'er sung Was one a - bout my Lord;— Of par - don free He
2. The hal - le - lu - jahs, of that hour Have nev - er passed a - way, For Christ a - bides, what-
3. No harps on wil - low branch-es hang, But all in tune for God; My bound - ing soul, while
4. No Bab - y - lo - nian riv - ers now Flow by me when I weep; For tears of joy, with-
5. Tho' tri - als come, and troubles too, Tempta - tions press se - vere, My Je - sus is a
6. And still the car - oil of my soul, From ear - ly morn till night, Is, "who - so - ev - er



CHORUS.

gave to me, When I be - lieved His word,
e'er be - tides; My soul's a - glow to - day,
a - ges roll, Will shout His praise a - broad,
out al - loy, Are mine while Christ doth keep
con - quer - or, And tells me not to fear,
will may come," "And walk with me in white."

O hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves; His



blood a - vails for me. O hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord; He sets His peo - ple free.



The Haven of Rest.

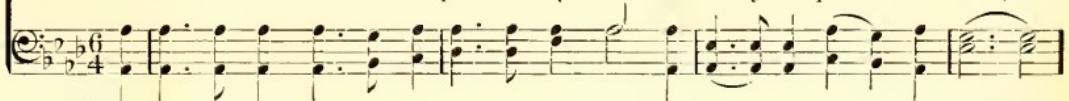
H. L. GILMOUR.

153

GEO. D. MOORE.



1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and dis - trust,
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And faith taking hold of the word,
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto - ry so blest,
 4. How pre-ious the thought that we all may re - eline, Like John, the be - lov-ed and blest,
 5. O come to the Sa - viour! He pa - tient - ly waits To save by His pow - er di - vine;



FINE.



Till I heard a sweet voice saying, Make me your choicer, And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest."
 My fet - ters fell off, and I anchored my soul; The ha-ven of rest is my Lord.
 Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so-ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest."
 On Je - sus' strong arm, where no tempest ean harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 Come, anchor your soul in the ha - ven of rest, And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."



d.s. The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



D.S.

I've an-choried my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;



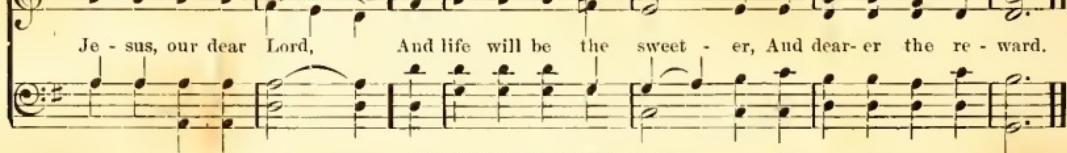
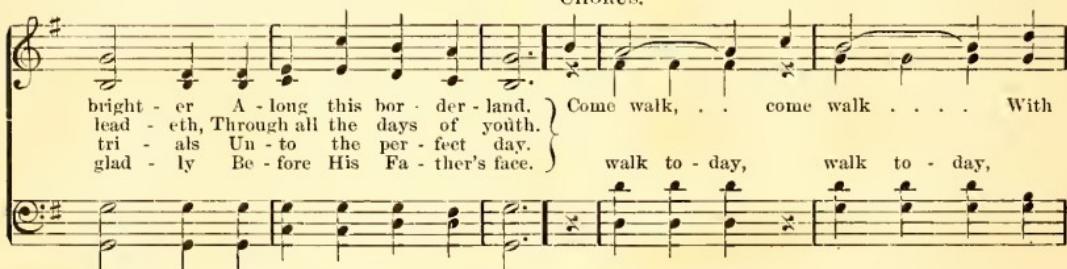
Come, Walk with Jesus.

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.



CHORUS.



Our Golden Home.

155

FANNY CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. We have a home e - ter - nal, A house not made with hands; Up - on the Rock of A - ges Its
 |: faith, from Pisgah's moun tain, Can see its por - tals fair. O bless-ed home e - (*Omit*).
 2. We have a home e - ter - nal, A home with splendor bright, Where Jesus reigns triumphant : And
 |: long the crys-tal riv - er. The Tree of Life so fair, Its gold-en fruit is (*Omit*).
 3. That home our Lord has pur-chased; His blood the price has paid; And numbers without number, In
 |: shouts proclaim His mer - ey, With shouts His love de - clare. O joy beyond ex- (*Omit*).

CHORUS.

sure foun-da - tion stands. Our : -ter - nal! Praise God, we'll soon be there!)
 Je - sus is the light A - wav - ing; Praise God, we'll soon be there!) A few more toils and
 spot-less robes ar - rayed, With press - ing! Praise God, we'll soon be there!)

tri - als, A few more storms to bear, And all will then be o - ver, Praise God, we'll soon be there!

The Herald is Calling.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. The her - ald is call - ing, is call - ing from far, The
 trum - pets are sound - ing the sig - nal of war, Who'll
 The herald is call-ing, is call-ing from far, The her-ald is call - ing, is call-ing from far, The
 trumpets are sounding the signal of war, The trumpets are sounding the signal of war, Who'll



might - - y One com - - eth this way; The
 might-y One com-eth, the might-y One com-eth, the might-y One com-eth to - day. The



CHORUS.



fol - low His ban - ner to - day? He cometh, He cometh, the
 follow His banner, who'll follow His banner, who'll follow His banner to-day? He



The Herald is Calling.—Concluded.

157

Son . . . of the Lord, The cause . . . of the right . . . is His own.
cometh, the Son of the Lord, The cause of the right, the cause of the right, the cause of the right is His

Who'll fol - low His ban - ner, His ban - ner a - far, . . . To
own. Who'll follow His banner, who'll follow His banner, who'll follow His banner a - far, a - far, To

fight . . . for His king - dom and throne?
fight for His king-dom, to fight for His kingdom, to fight for His king-dom and throne?

* 2 Who'll leave every selfish and worldly desire,
The pride of distinction and fame,

To follow the Saviour, his Leader and King,
And ever bear onward His name?

3 Who'll bind on the sword and the armor of truth,
And bravely press on to the fight?

Who'll count it all glory, who'll count it all gain,
To die for the cause of the right?

4 The herald is calling, is calling from far.
Prepare for the battle and strife;
Come nobly and offer your all to the Lord,
Your hope, your ambition, your life!

* Tenors and Basses sing First and Third lines twice, and the words in *Italic* three times.

Some Bright and Joyful Morn.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



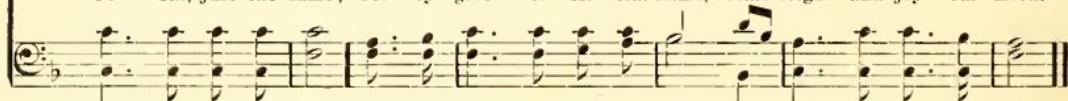
1. We shall cross the swell-ing Jor-dan, Some bright and joy-ful morn; We shall reach the hills of
 2. We shall hear the an-gels sing-ing, Some bright and joy-ful morn; Hear the bells of heav-en
 3. Saints and an-gels will a-dore Him, Some bright and joy-ful morn; Cher-u-bim fall down be-



E-den, Some bright and joy-ful morn, Op'd for us the pearl-y gate, Where the
 ring-ing, Some bright and joy-ful morn, Join-ing with the ransomed throng, We shall
 fore Him, Some bright and joy-ful morn, Joy-ful praise we shall pro-claim To our



blest at-tend-ants wait, And the Sa-viour reigns in state, Some bright and joy-ful morn.
 sing the glad new song, Hear the ech-o roll a-long, Some bright and joy-ful morn,
 Je-sus, just the same; Glo-ry give to His dear name, Some bright and joy-ful morn.



Brave Christian Soldiers.

159

EMMA PITTS.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. Brave Chris-tian sol - diers, gal - lant - ly marching, Joy - ful and bright, O sing all the way!
 2. Your Cap-tain loves you, ten - der - ly loves you, Kind - ly He speaks to all here to-day;
 3. March, val - iant sol - diers, ou - ward to glo - ry, Hearts ev - er hap - py, hearts ev - er brave;



FINE.



Gird on your ar - mor, gird on your ar - mor, Je - sus is lead - ing and you must o - obey.
 Lift up your voi - ces, glad anthems rais - ing, He will be with you and point out the way.
 Je - sus will guide you, vic - try a-waits you, Je - sus is lead - ing and Je - sus can save.



d.s. Joy - ful - ly sing - ing, heart - i - ly sing - ing, Lift up your hearts to your Sa - viour to-day.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Cheer - ful - ly march-ing, faith - ful - ly march-ing, Je - sus will lead you all the bright way.



The Story will Never grow Old.

NEVA P. PRENTICE.

C. E. LESLIE. By per.

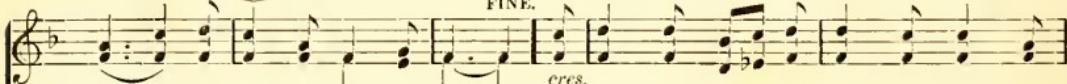


1. The half has nev - er been told, Of Je - sus and His love; The sto - ry will nev-er grow
 2. Down from His mansions a - bove, The spot - less Lamb of light, So ho - ly, on pin-ions of
 3. The lov - ing Saviour hath borne The ills ere - a - tion shares, That all of God's children might



D.C. The half has nev - er been told, Of Je - sus and His love; The sto - ry will nev-er grow

FINE.



old, Of Je - sus and His love; He came, a child, to live with us, To
 love, In robes so pure and white— He gave to us the fount of life, A
 find The path to Him in prayer; He gave to us re - deem - ing love, His



old, Of Je - sus and His love.



bear our earthly pain, To teah the way-ward how to live And know that death is gain.
 gra-cious gift to give; He taught the end - ing of all strife, Said, "Look to me and live."
 songs of faith en - dure, And we shall sing those songs a - bove On Zi - on's hap-py shore.



Sowing the Seed.

161

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

CHORUS.

II

LAURA E. NEWELL.

C. E. LESLIE. By per.

1. We sing the beau - ti - ful songs of Zi - on, Songs of love, songs of praise, For
 2. We sing the songs that His love has taught us, Soft - ly sing, sweet - ly sing. Our
 3. We are near the beau - ti - ful gates of Zi - on, Ci - ty bright, throne so white; The
 4. And on our lips is the praise of Zi - on. Lo! He'll guide o'er the tide; With

CHORUS.

Christ is draw - ing our souls to Him; In mer - cy He guides our ways. }
 songs shall be to our bless - ed Lord, While un - to His cross we cling. }
 day is dawn - ing, the shad - ows past, We're nearing our home at last. }
 hearts of joy we will reach His home, And sing with the glo - ri - fied. } Siug-ing, sing-ing the

beau - ti - ful songs of Zi - on; Sing - ing, sing - ing the beau - ti - ful songs of love.

A Song to the Crystal Spring.

163

Rev. C. W. RAY, D.D.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It features a series of eighth-note chords. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It also features a series of eighth-note chords. The third staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It features a series of eighth-note chords. Below the first staff, there are three lines of lyrics:

1. A song, a song to the crystal spring In the mountain shadows hid - ing; Each pearl-y drop doth a
2. A song, a song to the crystal spring In the shad-ows of the mountaint; The streamlets sing, We will
3. A song, a song to the crystal spring, To the world a price-less bless - ing; Let ech-oes ring, while the

Below the second staff, there is a section labeled "CHORUS." followed by more lyrics:

cho - rus sing, While a-long the brooklet glid - ing. } comfort bring From the sweet and sparkling fountain. } As we on-ward flow, we will ban-ish woe, Ev - er
streamlets sing, And the winds are them ca - ress - ing.

Below the third staff, there is another section of lyrics:

health and strength sustaining; To the thirsty give, Bid them drink and live, Ev'ry pois'nous cup dis-dain - ing.

Broad is the Opening Field.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.

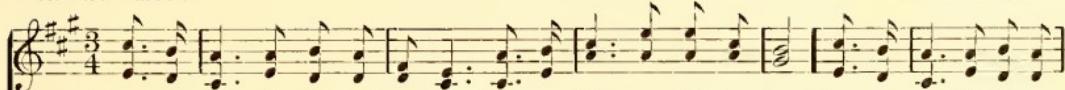
CHORUS.

Hear the Blessed Promise.

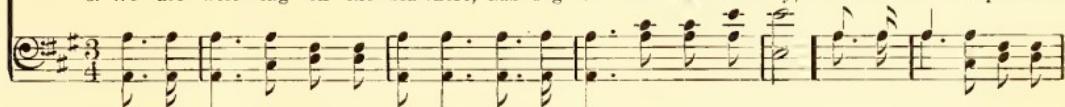
165

MISS IDA HEDRICK.

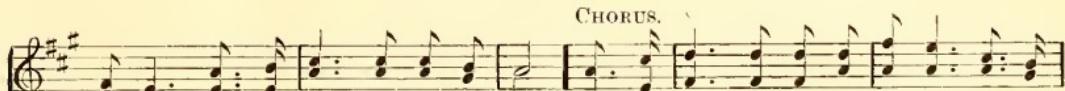
G. E. LEONARD.



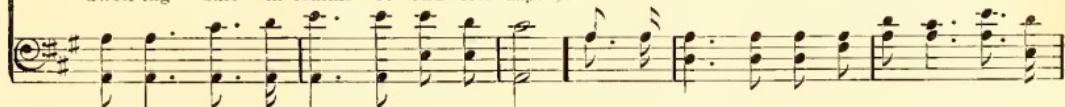
1. Lo, this world is full of sor - row, Here we find no last - ing joy, Gloomy storms of doubt come
2. Faint not, broth - er, though thy bur - den Dai - ly grows more hard to bear; Go and tell it all to
3. We are writ - ing on the sea-shore, Gaz - ing on the far - a - way, Where our friends in peace are



CHORUS.



o'er us, And temp-ta - tions e'er an - noy. }
 Je - sus, He can light - en eve - ry care. }
 dwell-ing Safe in realms of end - less day. } Hear the prom - ise, bless - ed prom - ise! May it



keep us from the fall! "He that to the end en-dur - eth, Shall be saved" once for all.



The Storehouse of Grace.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D.D.

GEO. D. ELDERKIN. By per.



1. When the fam - ine waxed sore in the land,
2. And the na - tions a - far heard the cry,
3. The soy-reign of heav - en hath willed,
4. O prod - i - gal wretched, for - lorn,

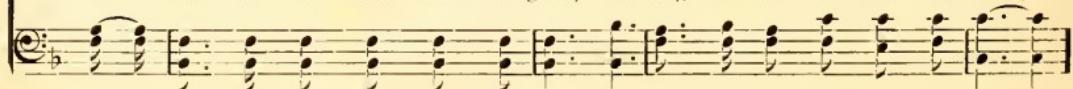
The store - hous - es Jo - seph had filled
"In E - gypt there's bread and to spare,
And hath is - sued His roy - al de - cree,
And read - y of hun - ger to die,



Were o - pened by roy - al com - mand, And the voi - ces of him - ger were stilled.
Nor will Jo - seph the rul - er de - ny To the need - y, tho' strang - ers, a share!"
That the store-hous - es mer - ey hath filled, To the need - y be o - pen and free!
To the house of thy Fa - ther re - turn, From fam - ine and mis - e - ry fly!

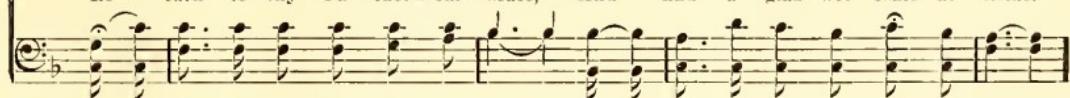


The news throughout E - gypt was spread, Of corn there is plen - ty in store;
So they came as the tid - ings went forth, As far as the fam - ine held sway,
Ye na - tions, give heed to the call; Ye starv - ing ones, make no de - lay;
Re - turn to the house - hold of grace, No long - er an a - lien to roam,





rit.



CHORUS



Sin-ner, come to the store-house of grace, There's a - bund - ant pro - vis - ion and free;



1



For the sin - bur - dened soul there's re - lease, There's life and sal - va - tion for thee.



Clinging Close to Jesus.

(Written for this work.)

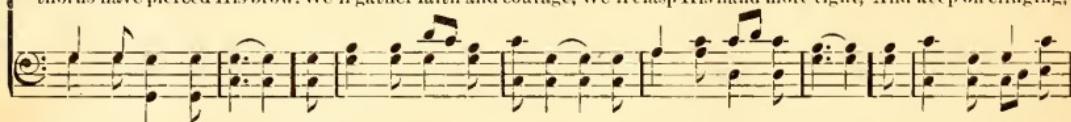
ADELBERT REPAS.



1. We're cling-ing close to Je - sus, In youth's bright sunny morn, And thro' the years that fol - low, His
 2. We're cling-ing close to Je - sus, Our hearts shall not grow faint; A-lone the wine-press tread-ing, Our
 3. We're cling-ing close to Je - sus, We'll love and serve Him now; 'Twas He for us that suffered, Sharp



Lord made no com-plaint; Temp-ta-tions, too, and tri-als, He bore, yet with-out sin; Then with His grace to thorns have pierced His brow. We'll gather faith and courage, We'll clasp His hand more tight, And keep on clinging,



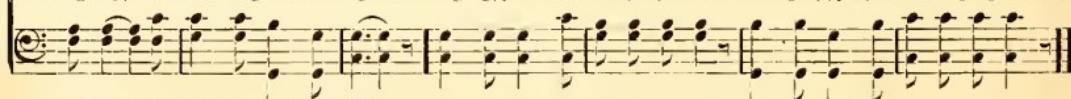
FINE.

CHORUS.

D. S.



strengthen, The vic - to - ry we'll win. } Cling - - ing, yes, we're clinging to Thee; Cling - - ing, yes, we're clinging to Thee.
 clinging, 'Till heaven greets our sight. }



Onward, Children.

169

R. F. HUGHES.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. { On-ward, children, do not tar - ry, Though the cross he hard to hear; Strength thou shalt re-
Je - sus ev - er waits to guide you, If thou to thy - self he true; Thy re - ward will
2. { On-ward, children, do not tar - ry, There's a race for all to run, And a crown will
Bless-ed an - gel hands are watch-ing Eve - ry act you dai - ly do; Soon you'll gain the
3. { No-bly work for Je - sus ev - er, Pierce the clouds which the sur-round; See, the pearl - y
Look not backward, for there's dan - ger, Ev - er keep the throne in view; Soon we'll see the

CHORUS.

ceive from heav - en, If thy cour - age fail thee here.
come here - af - ter, In the land he - yond the blue.
he your por - tion When your work on earth is done.
crown of jew - els, In the land he - yond the blue.
gates are o - pen, Hear the an - gel's wel-come sound.
shin - ing ci - ty In the land he - yond the blue. } There's a gold - en harp in glo - ry.

And a spot - less rohe for you, When you reach the ho - ly ci - ty, In the land he - yond the blue.

Jesus' Little Lamb.

E. R. LATTA.

JOHN E. KURZENKNABE.

1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, And 'tis that I wish to be; He my lov - ing
 2. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, And He bears me on His arm; If I pnt my
 3. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, And His lov - ing smile be - hold; I am guid - ed
 4. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, And I feast up - on His love; And I hope at

CHORUS.

Shep - herd is, And He ev - er cares for me.
 trust in Him, I need fear no sin - ful harm. } I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb!
 hy His hand, I am shel - tered in His fold.
 last to dwell In the heav'n-ly fields a - bove. }

I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb! Lit - tle lamb! lit - tle lamb! I am Je - sns' lit - tle lamb!

A Hundred Years Ago.

171

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

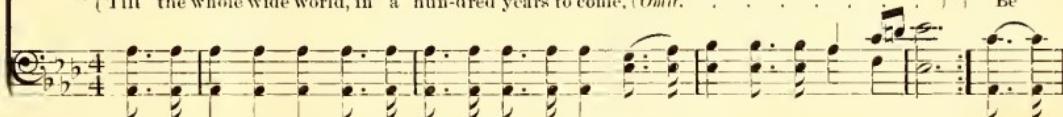
(Sunday-School Centennial Hymn.)

WARREN W. BENTLEY. By per.

Spirited.



1. In the dis-tant past, when our cen - tu - ry be-gan, And our land felt a ty-rant's rod, | There a - rose a cry for the sa - cred rights of man, (*Omit.*) And a
2. For their lives they fought, for our country and for truth, For free-dom to wor-ship God; | For their lives they fought, for our country and for truth, For free-dom to wor-ship God; A re-
3. And they gained for us, in our na-tion's tir - ed youth, (*Omit.*) | And they gained for us, in our na-tion's tir - ed youth, (*Omit.*) Be
- May the word of truth en - ter eve - ry heart and home, And the gospel fresh triumphs win,
- Till the whole wide world, in a hun-dred years to come, (*Omit.*) | Till the whole wide world, in a hun-dred years to come, (*Omit.*) Be



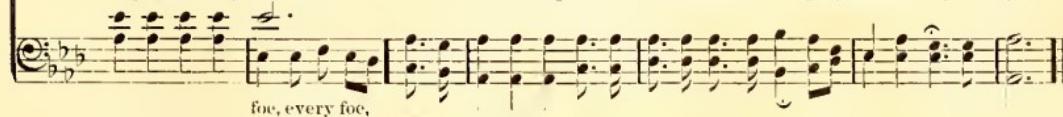
CHORUS.



loud ap - peal to God. } lease from er - ror's rod. } Our fa - thers brave-ly fought 'neath the ban-ner of the Lord, And they
free from eve - ry sin. }



conquered every foe, For the God of might aided freedom and the right, A hundred years ago.



foe, every foe,

LAURA E. NEWELL.

FRED. A. FILMORE.



1. Re - joice and be glad, all ye faith - ful, Who trust and who wait on the Lord;
 2. Then on - ward, press on - ward, nor ev - er Grow wea - ry, tho' sor - rows be - fall,
 3. He owns us, and calls us His chil - dren; To Him, to our blest Sa - viour King,



Re - joice, for His grace shall sus - tain you; A - bund - ant shall be your re - ward.
 And dark be the way to His pal - ace, For Je - sus is guid - ing through all;
 Be thanks and be glo - ry for ev - er; His good - ness we joy - ful - ly sing.



The' tri - als may oft - en as - sail you, And though you af - flict - ed may be;
 He knows when our sad hearts are bur - dened, And pit - ies each one in His fold;
 And then, in the trans-transport of rap - ture, In hea - ven we'd wor - ship the One



Re - joice, He is might - y to save you; His good - ness and love you shall see,
 In ten - der com - pas - sion and mer - ey, His sweet words of com - fort are told.
 Who calls eve - ry one to His king - dom, And guides till life's la - bors are done.

CHORUS.

Re - joice . . . Who trust . . .
 Re - joice and be glad, all ye faith-ful, Who trust and who wait on the Lord;

Re - joice, . . .
 Re - joice, for His grace shall sus-tain you; A - bund - ant shall be your re - ward.

H. L. F.

H. L. FRISBIE.



1. A host so vast and numberless, The countless mil-lions stand, A-round the great Jehovah's throne, With
 2. Whence came these countless shining ones? Up from earth's toil and pain, They came thro' tribulations sore, This
 3. These are the poor and low-ly souls Who passed beneath the rod, Re - ly - ing on His promise sure, "The
 4. And these were kind and merciful, Who trusting in the Lord, Dealt gent-ly with the err-ing ones, And
 5. And these made peace and conquered strife; To them bright crowns are giv'n: The King hath made them sons and heirs, And
 6. How came they to this blessed place? And whence their bright array? Their robes are white in Jesus' blood, Their

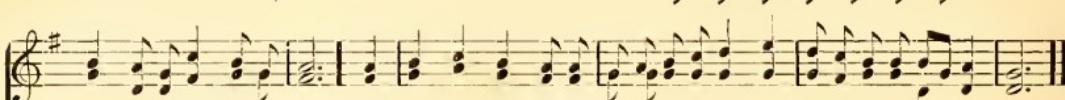


CHORUS.



wav - ing palms in hand. } A throng no man can num - - - ber, As the
 heav'ny rest to gain. } low - ly shall see God. " } this their great re - ward,
 they in - her - it heav'n. } sins are washed a - way. }

A throng no man can num - ber, A throng no man can num - ber, As the



stars or the sands by the sea; They wave their palms, singing, "Glory be to God, Who giveth us the vie-to-ry."



Toiler in the Vineyard.

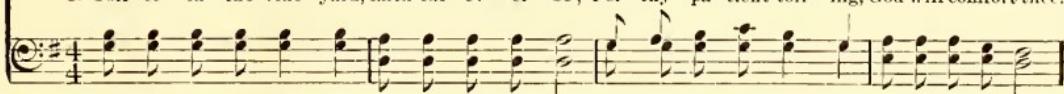
175

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.



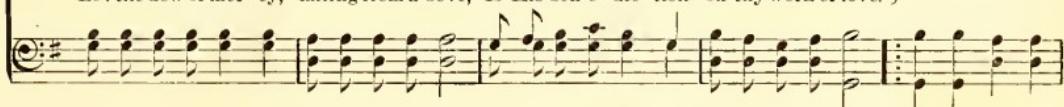
1. Toil-er in the vine - yard of the blessed Lord, Keep thy heart in patience, guarded with His word ;
2. Toil-er in the vine - yard, work with ten-der care, Wa - ter and refresh each heart with song and pray'r;
3. Toil-er in the vine - yard, faith-ful ev - er be; For thy pa-tient toil - ing, God will comfort thee.



CHORUS.



Keep the sacred tem-ple from the spoiler, sin ; Let no wicked thought or purpose enter in. } Toil-er, toil-er,
Let the "leaves of healing" shade the sacred ground, And the Spirit's fruitage graciously abound, } Let the Sun of
Lo ! the dew of mer - ey, falling from a-bove, Is His ben-e - dic - tion on thy work of love. }



in the Master's vineyard, Guard each plant and train each tender vine; } glo-ry shine upon them, (Omit.) Tend with care this heritage divine.



Youth is a Happy Spring.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.
DUET.

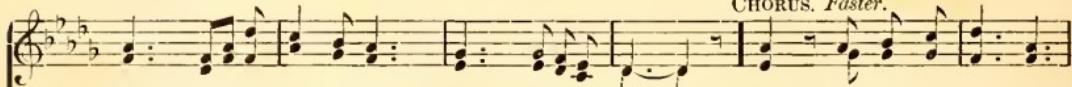
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Youth is a happy spring, Joy - ous and brief; Age, like the Autumn breath,
 2. Youth is a smiling morn, Love - ly and gay; Clouds, ere the noon tide comes,
 3. Youth is a hope-ful time, "Joy is in bloom; Yet soon its path-way bright
 4. Come while the Saviour's voice Calls you to - day; Come while the Morning Star



Sears flower and leaf. Sow we the precious seed While spring is fair,
 May darken the way. Choose ye the manna, then, Fresh from the skies,
 Must lead to the tomb. May sweet im-mor-tal hopes, Gra - cious-ly given,
 Shines over your way. Come where the fount of life Spark - les for you;

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Watch o'er the open - ing buds With tenderest care. }
 Ere on the dew - y earth Bright sunbeams a-rise. }
 Each youthful footstep guide Till sheltered in heaven! }
 Come where its wa - ters clear Youth's vigor re - new. }



Youth is a Happy Spring.—Concluded.

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This our precious em - ploy, Sow - ing in sor - row, To
 Sow-ing in sor-row, sow-ing in sor-row,

gath - er in joy. . . . This, this be our la - bor, This our precious em -
 Sow-ing in sor - row to gath-er in joy.

ploy; Soon we'll welcome the har - vest, Reap - ing in joy.
 Reaping, reaping, yes, reap-ing in joy.

Our Battle Cry.

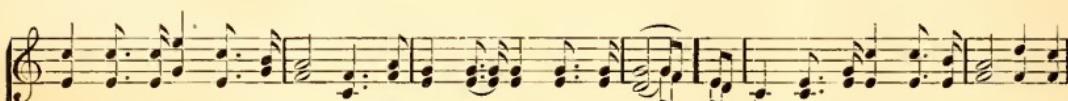
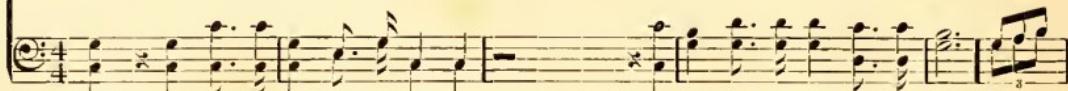
F. G. BURROUGHS. Cho. by H. L. G.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

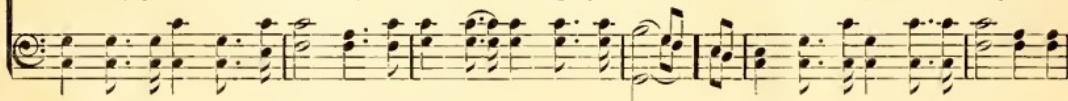


1. Hark, hark ! for the sound of a trum-pet
2. Haste, haste from the mountains and valleys,
3. Hark, hark ! for the sound of the trumpet

Is borne by the zeph-yrs to - day ; It
Where you have been resting a while ; O
Calls forth to the eon - flict the brave ; Speed



calls for the soldiers of Je - sus To gath-er in bat-tle ar - ray ! Come one, and eome all to the conflict, E-
haste while the trumpet is sounding, And work for God's fav'ring smile ! Let none plead his weakness or failures, With
on-ward, ye sol-diers of Je - sus, That know He is mighty to save. The bat-tle is His, He will triumph, And



quipped in the armor di-vine; No sol-dier who fights for our Cap-tain His place in the ranks will re - sign.
plen-te-ous grace at command : Take up His whole armor, my brother, And having done all, read - y stand.
to us His vic-tries as-sign, For none who be-long to our Cap-tain, Their places will ev - er re - sign.



Our Battle Cry.—Concluded.

179

CHORUS.



The sword of the Spir - it We'll take un - to the field, That bless - ed word of God. With



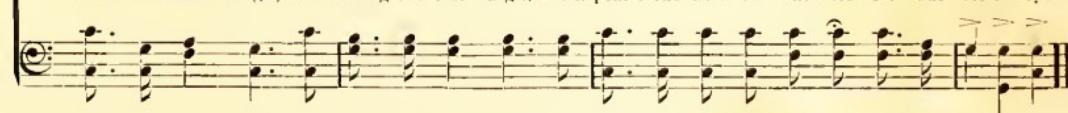
faith for our shield, And the hel - met of sal - va - tion, With prayer and sup - pli - ca - tion, We'll



eres - - - - - ean - - - - - do.



hold the cross high, We'll bring the lost nigh, We'll praise the God of bat - tles for our vic-to-ry.



Sowing the Precious Seed.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Be earn - est, toil - er for the Lord, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed; Look for - ward to the
 2. The la - bor - ers are ver - y few, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed; And the dear Lord has
 3. O la - bor - pa-tient-ly each day, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed; And for the Fa-ther's
 4. Will you not en - ter now the field, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, In hope of an a-

CHORUS.

bles re - ward, Sowing the precious seed, }
 need of you, Sowing the precious seed, }
 bless - ing pray, Sowing the precious seed, }
 bund - ant yield, Sowing the precious seed? } Sow-ing the precious seed, Sow-ing the pre - cious
 seed, Be faith - ful in the vine - yard la - bor, Sow - ing the pre - cious seed.

Room for Thee.

181

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. There's a voice that is gent - ly call - ing, And it whis - pers ten - der - ly, "There is
 2. There's a love that is ev - er flow - ing, And its streams are pure and sweet, And it
 3. There's a peace that is full of com - fort Which the world can - not be - stow; 'Tis a
 4. There's a home in the dis - tant heavy - en, So re - splend-ent and so fair: Home of

room, there is room In the Sa - viour's heart for thee." There's room, still room In the
 flows, ev - er flows, In its ful - ness, at thy feet; It flows for thee From the
 joy, 'tis a bliss Which the world can nev - er know. It fills, it fills The Re-
 light, home of love, And its glo - ry I shall share. O home, sweet home In the

Sa - viour's heart of love, And room for thee In the par - a - dise a - bove.
 Sa - viour's heart of love; It flows for thee From the par - a - dise a - bove.
 deem - er's heart of love, And flows to thee From the par - a - dise a - bove.
 pal - a - ces of love! My home, sweet home In the par - a - dise a - bove!

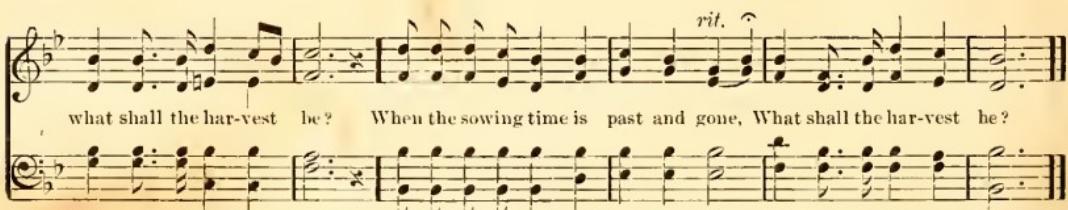
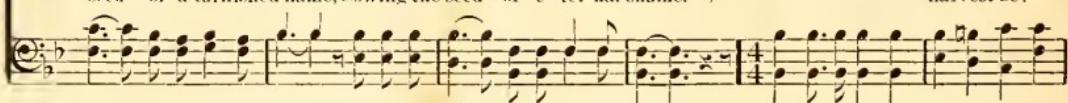
Sowing the Seed.

EMILY S. OAKLEY.

W. A. OGDEN.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

harvest be?
 What shall the harvest be? Oh,
 harvest be?



Jesus is the Children's Friend.

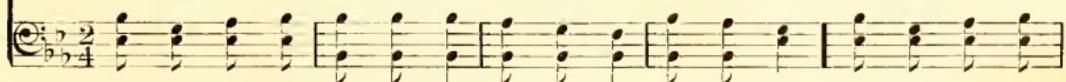
183

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Je - sus is the chil-dren's friend, Pre-cious friend, ten - der friend; Loves with love that
2. When we pray, the Lord is near, Ve - ry near, ve - ry near, And will our pe-
3. He will make us good and pure, Good and pure, good and pure, If we in His



CHORUS.



knows no end: What a pre - cious friend! } We will love and serve Him still,
ti - tions hear; What a pre - cious friend! } love en - dure; What a pre - cious friend!



And His kind com-mands ful - fil; Try to do His ho - ly will;— Pre-cious, precious friend!



Come to the Christ.

J. E. K.

JOHN E. KURZENKNABE.

Come, | come, |

1. { Sinner, a Stranger's at thy door, O come! yes, come! Gently He knocks,—He's knocked before.
 Long has He waited, waits He still; O come! yes, come! Canst thou treat any friend so ill?
 2. { Lonely His at - ti - tude; He stands— O come! yes, come! Waiting for thee, with outstretched hands.
 { In - fi - nite kindness, yes, He shows, O come! yes, come! In - fi - nite love e'en to His foes.
 3. { Touched by His wondrous love divine, O come! yes, come! Turn a-way sin, His foe and thine.
 { O - pen thine heart, His grace to win, O come! yes, come! Welcometh this heavenly Stranger in.

Come, | 1. | 2. CHORUS. |

O come to Christ! } O come to Christ, To Christ the Crucified,
 O come to Christ! } O come to Christ, To Christ,

Christ the glo - ri - fied! Come, O come! O come, O come to the Christ!
 O come! yes, come!

Jesus, Only Jesus.

185

LENA PIERCE.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. Be our joy - ful song to - day, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sns, He who takes our
 2. Once we wan - dered far from God, Know-ing not of Je - sus, Walk - ing on the
 3. Be our trust through years to come, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Pass - word to our

sins a - way, Je - sns, on - ly Je - sus; Name with eve - ry bless - ing rife,
 down - ward road, Lead - iug far from Je - sns, Till the Spir - it taught us how
 heavenly home, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus: When from sin and sor - row free,

Be our joy and hope through life, Be our strength in eve - ry strife, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 'Neath the Saviour's yoke to how, And we fain would fol - low now Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 On through all e - ter - ni - ty, This our theme and song shall be, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.

The Christian Graces.

Dr. THEO. J. PRICE.

(For Concerts and Anniversaries.)

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

A beautiful representation of the Scriptures by ten little girls, with their names upon eards in shape of a shield. A selection of voices should be made to render the Semi-Chorus, the whole school joining in the Full Chorus.

SEMI-CHORUS.



1. Let us learn the Christian gra-ces, As we walk the heavenly road, Mark the pathway each one traes
2. Patience still the cross up-bear-ing, Low-ly at its foot we bow, Sinful, trembling, weeping, fearing:
3. TEMPERANCE has brought her lilies, Spotless white, to wind around:— Patience with her bur-den smiling,



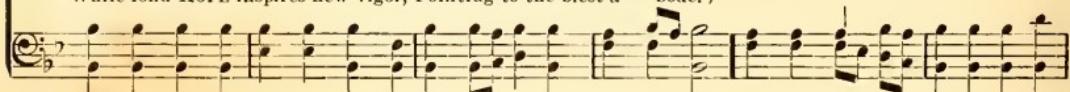
Up-ward to the blest a - bode. He who loves must learn forbearauee, He who gains must suf - fer loss;
FAITH has crown'd with flowers its brow. Lo! its beau-ty now dis-cern-ing, VIRTUE adds an-oth-er wreath;
Plants its foot up-on the ground. Sweet EXPERIENCE now shall aid her To sus-tain the light-er load,

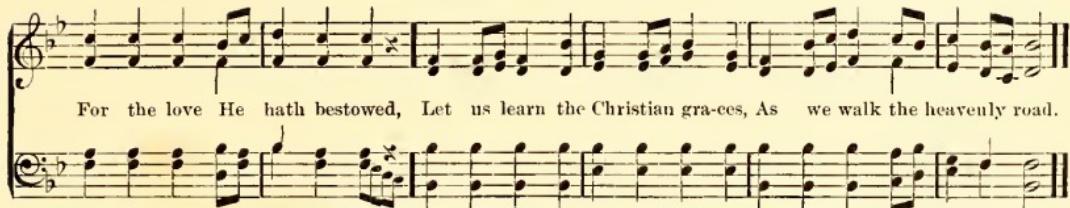


FULL CHORUS.



Trib - u - la-tion worketh patienee, PATIENCE meekly bears the cross.
And its growing glories learning, KNOWLEDGE hangs some fruits beneath. } For the love we owe to Je - sus,
While fond HOPE inspires new vigor, Pointing to the blest a - bode. }





For the love He hath bestowed, Let us learn the Christian graces, As we walk the heavenly road.

4 Now in songs of loud hosannas,
Lift our voices heavenward.
Lo! what wondrous grace advances?
"Holiness unto the Lord!"
GODLINESS, her name—O hear it!—
Welcome, loveliest sister, here!—
Godliness in life and spirit,
Godliness in faith and prayer.—CHO.

5 Hark! a voice is speaking kindly:
"Let us one another love."
Hail! all hail! O how divinely!—
All our hearts thy words approve.
LOVE, dear CHRISTIAN LOVE, come near us,
While we join in fond embrace;
All is joy, and heaven seems near us;
All our hearts are full of peace.—CHO.

6 Yet again we give our greeting
To another bright and fair,
On whose brow with meekness meeting,
Love and pity mingle there.
Rise up, sister, not so lowly,
Gifts of charms we bring to thee;
We must fade before thy glory,
CHARITY, sweet CHARITY.—CHO.

7 While around the cross we gather,
With our circle all complete,
We implore Thee, gracious Father!
That we all in heaven may meet.
Now we part, but there remaineth
FAITH, and HOPE, and CHARITY.
These abideth, but the greatest
Of the three is CHARITY.—CHO.

Enter PATIENCE, bearing a rough cross upon shoulder, and takes position in centre of stage. Enter FAITH with wreath of flowers which she hangs on arm of cross, and takes position by Patience at the right. Enter VIRTUE with wreath, stands at the right of Faith. Enter KNOWLEDGE with basket of fruit which she places under the arm of the cross, takes position at the right of Virtue. Enter TEMPERANCE with lilies; and winds around the cross, takes her place at the right of Knowledge. Enter EXPERIENCE, who steps to the side of Patience and assists in holding the cross, first standing it upon the floor. Enter HOPE, and advancing in front of Patience, points upward till singing of Chorus, then takes position at the left of Experience. Enter GODLINESS and takes position by the side of Hope. LOVE enters, repeating softly, "Let us one another love," and takes position by the side of Godliness. Enter CHARITY who kneels at the foot of the cross. Experience lifts her up, when she takes her position by the side of Love. All graces now advance and join hands, encircling Patience and Experience, till reaching the words, "Now we part," when they retire to back of stage, leaving Faith and Hope on each side of the cross, and Charity in front. Sing chorus and retire.

We'll all Stand up for Jesus.

IDA WHIPPLE.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.



1. We'll all stand up for Je - sus, The Captain of our band, Who leads His lit - tle ar - my Safe
 2. The foe is round a - bout us, They press on every side; They war and fight a - gainst us, With
 3. We'll all stand up for Je - sus, The loving and the brave, Who died a death of an - guish Our



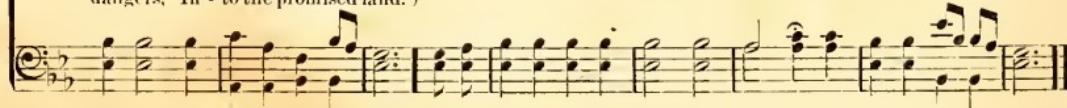
to the promised land : Tho' perils may encompass, Tho' storms may lower above, We'll all stand up for en - vy, hate and pride; But Je-sus leads the bat-tle, And so we can - not fail, Tho' foe - men without wand'ring souls to save; And now He lives to bless us, To lead our lit - tle band, Thro' all the storms and



CHORUS.



Jesus, Who shields us with His love, } number our less-er ranks as - sail. } Then we'll all stand up for Je-sus, Je - sus, The Captain of our band.
 dangers, In - to the promised land. }



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